

THE LIVING AGE.

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A SOLDIER'S LITANY.

When the foemen's hosts draw nigh,
 When the standards wave on high,
 When the brazen trumpets call,
 Some to triumph, some to fall,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

When the opposing squadrons meet,
 When the bullets fall like sleet,
 When the vanguards forward dash,
 When the flames of cannon flash,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

When mingled in the awful rout,
 Vanquished's cries and Victor's shout,
 Horses' screams and wounded's groan,
 Dying, comfortless, alone,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

And when night's shadows round us
 close,
 God of Battles, succor those,
 Those, whose hearts shall ever burn
 For loved ones, never to return,
 Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
 Libera nos Domine!

(Save us, Lord).

Richard Raleigh.

2d Lieut., O. and B.L.I., France.
 The Poetry Review.

SOUTHWARD.

When against the window-pane tap
 the fingers of the rain,
 An ill rain, a chill rain, dripping from
 the eaves,
 When the farmers haul their logs and
 the marsh is whisht with fogs,
 And the wind sighs like an old man,
 brushing withered leaves;
 When the Summertime is gone and the
 Winter creeping on,
 The doleful Northern winter of snow
 and sleet and hail,
 Then I smell the salty brine and I see
 you, ship o' mine,
 Bowling through the sunshine under
 all plain sail.

I can see you, Lady love, the Trade
 clouds strung above,
 White clouds, bright clouds, flocking
 South with you;
 Like snowy lily buds are the flowery
 foaming suds
 That bloom about your forefoot as
 you tread the meadows blue.
 Oh, the diamond Southern Cross! Oh.
 the wheeling albatross!
 Oh, the shoals of silver flying fish
 that skim beside the rail!
 Though my body's in the North still
 my heart goes faring forth
 Bowling through the sunshine under
 all plain sail.
 Punch.

A COMMONPLACE DAY.

The day is turning ghost,
 And scuttles from the kalendar in fits
 and furtively,
 To join the anonymous host
 Of those that throng oblivion; ceding
 his place, maybe,
 To one of like degree. . . .

Nothing of tiniest worth
 Have I wrought, pondered, planned; no
 one thing asking blame or praise,
 Since the pale corpse-like birth
 Of this diurnal unit, bearing blanks in
 all its rays—
 Dullest of dull-hued days!

Wanly upon the panes
 The rain slides, as have slid since morn
 my colorless thoughts; and yet
 Here, while Day's presence wanes,
 And over him the sepulchre-lid is slow-
 ly lowered and set
 He wakens my regret.

Thomas Hardy.

.APRIL.

After so many days . . .
 The moon lies right across the sea,
 The tide's up to the brink,
 A door keeps flapping in the wind,
 I cannot sleep a wink,
 Although I'm sleepy as can be,
 But lie in bed and think
 Of you and all your proud, gay ways.

Clive Bell.

The Nation.

AMERICA AND THE WAR.

A year ago I laid before readers of *The Contemporary Review* an account of the state of American feeling on the war.* The Presidential election in November endorsed the conclusions I pronounced, and thus encourages me to a further consideration of that which America is now thinking, and why she does so. It is obviously impossible to do anything more than indicate the general trend of public opinion amongst a people who number a hundred millions—since every statement can be challenged on the ground that nine millions at least think differently—Mr. Wilson, the most independent and successful of Presidential candidates since Ulysses Grant, having only defeated his opponent by 500,000 votes out of eighteen million votes cast. I can only, as an Englishman, faintly outline what I have good reason to believe to be American thought as it is reflected in the conversation and writings of many typical Americans.

In arriving at any just estimate of a nation's opinions, it is of primary importance to grasp in their entirety the reasons that country has for reaching its conclusions. To comprehend the other man's standpoint should be the earliest of the tasks of a successful negotiator, as to make allowances for his prejudices as illustrated in it is the most difficult; yet, unless we can do both when we speak or think of America, we shall miss the greatest, and perhaps the only, opportunity we shall ever have of wiping out past misunderstandings, of obliterating past history, and of converting the so-called cousinship, which is now but little more than a source of irritation and jealousy, into the pleasure and unity of a friendship based on the great possessions of a com-

mon language, literature, and ethical outlook.

Let us see if we can distinguish and trace the milestones along the track traversed by American opinion during the last six months, and thus reach the clue to their present attitude towards, and their probable action against, the German submarine menace to civilization. The simplest method of doing this is to recall those European events which have attracted attention in America, and to estimate in what direction and to what extent they have affected opinions across the Atlantic. I would ask my readers to remember always that I am here only trying to record American opinion, and not to impose upon them my own, for such a course would defeat, and deservedly, the object I have in view.

Of the occurrences referred to, the publishing of the Black List of firms trading with our enemies, the mail censorship, the execution of the Irish rebels, the Orders in Council, the entrance of Roumania into the war, and the coercion of Greece are foremost. As it matters little in what order we discuss them, perhaps that which is here the most contentious is the one to dispose of first.

The *New York World*, which is always and with truth supposed to be the journal most closely in touch with President Wilson, wrote last September that "neither the Censorship, nor the Orders in Council, nor the stoppage of mails, nor all these factors put together could so alienate American sympathy as the blundering in Ireland had done." America is but little better acquainted with the details of the Irish rebellion than we are with the truth about their Mexican campaign, and is hardly in a position

*THE LIVING AGE, April 22, 1916.

accurately to assess the rights or wrongs either of Irish patriots, or of the English who were shot in the Dublin rising. The large mass of the American people, however, are apt to judge England solely by reference to Irish affairs, and when these are unsettled and volcanic, as they were and still are, opinion in the States, putting its own and not British interpretation upon history, becomes exceedingly suspicious of British methods and doings. That suspicion was held quite undeservedly by some of our wisest and most steadfast supporters. Luckily our best friends in this matter were the Irish extremists in the States, who allied themselves openly and violently with the German cause, and so threw back to the Allies sympathy which Germany gained but could not hold. Thus a large German attendance at an Irish bazaar in New York about the time of the Presidential election materially assisted the Allied cause by advertising a union between German Republicans and Irish Democrats which could only be ascribed to anti-Ally propaganda. At present there is no sentiment due to Irish complications which is prominent against England, but at any moment it may become visible and active, and a really serious outbreak of it might nullify all the misdoings of German submarines by rendering impossible an alliance with the traditional enemy both of Ireland and America.

So far as the Black List is concerned, we here are in no position to appreciate the irritation occasioned by its publication. It has in no wise affected the volume of American trade; probably not one in ten thousand of American merchants could tell from his books that such regulations existed, yet a belief, diligently fostered by the Germans, is prevalent in commercial circles that the Black List, nominally a war measure, has in

truth been contrived for the retention of German, and the acquisition of American, trade after the war. The resolutions passed by the London Chamber of Commerce and those of the Paris Conference have increased this conviction and roused a resentment voiced by Mr. Hughes in his statement that "no American who is exercising only American rights shall be put on any black list by any foreign nation." The real, as well as the journalistic, sentiments of the Western Continent are notoriously volatile, but the fact remains that it has been possible for an American friend to write late in the autumn of last year that "the feature of present opinion is the growing feeling against Great Britain." Steps taken by the Foreign Office merely to strengthen our Consular service were regarded as if the question of more effective black listing were involved, and the *New York World* called our position "increasingly sinister, as it amounted to a world-wide boycott of certain American business men." The very cogency of the British reply in support of our legal position only added fuel to the fire created by our comments, none too judicious, as to criminal breaches of neutrality by Germans in the United States. There is no question but that the publication of the Black List, useful as it has been, and legitimate as it seems to us, has been one of the chief causes of the decline of sympathy manifested during the past winter towards the Allied cause.

The censorship of mails and cables has provided a target of even larger size for American criticism. It is firmly and widely held that Great Britain has deliberately delayed or withheld mails, and utilized for her own commercial advancement information derived from censored letters. Denials and explanations have been in vain. Exceptional instances of

misdoing are regarded as evidence of habitual and intentional practices; and since England has come to be regarded as the protagonist in the war against Germany, England alone is credited as being the author of these vexatious interferences. A state of mind exists which in its inception is due neither to political motives nor to enemy intrigues, but which springs from immemorial sources, and is by so much the more permanent and dangerous. In the late autumn of 1916, the *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most steadfastly pro-Ally papers in the States, wrote: "Perhaps no action taken by any belligerent has caused more resentment here than the British practice of censoring mails in passage from one neutral to another," and this, be it remembered, was written after the destruction of the *Lusitania* and *Sussex*. I have heard of one prominent American business man, who, though heart and soul for an Allied victory, was beside himself with rage against Great Britain because his mails to Spain had been censored and delayed.

Such are some of the causes which have from time to time adversely affected the strong pro-Ally sentiment of the majority of American citizens. They have not alienated that sentiment, but they have in many individual cases profoundly modified and weakened it. Could the actions it has been necessary to take have been entrusted by the Allies to France for execution, or could they have been ascribed to French suggestion, they would perhaps have been overlooked, or at the least condoned. But, partly because of our naval predominance, partly because of French preoccupation in defending her own territory, and partly because we have usually replied to American remonstrances in our own name rather than in that of the Allies, to us has been attributed

all the blame for interference, delay and loss. The doubtful legality in many instances of American action during the Civil War, which we are entitled and have found it convenient to quote as precedents for some of our present doings, has not placated American wrath at these doings, and the fact that they are thus occasionally hoist with their own petard has merely accentuated the grievance felt. In short, for good reason or bad, we lost ground, and our only consolation must be that Germany did not gain it.

Another consideration which has left its mark on American opinion is the attitude of English writers and papers towards America. The strain of British blood amongst Americans is very thin, and yearly wears thinner. Because we speak the same language as Americans we flatter ourselves that they think the same thoughts as Englishmen, and are invariably to be actuated by the same reasoning and motives. Nothing could be more inaccurate or more dangerous than such a deduction. The ties of literature, law, and language between us are real, strong, and abiding, and are such as are enjoyed by no two other sovereign countries. There is, then, no necessity to create a fictitious bond, and by so doing to endanger and destroy the genuine one. Yet the unceasing and vexatious claim of cousinship, which has no meaning in the Middle West and no force in the West, must bear a modest share of the blame for American aloofness at the present time. To this cause of friction must be added that extreme sensitiveness to criticism which always is apparent in any people so critical of others as are Americans themselves. With a few exceptions, British comment on American speech and action has been reasoned and extremely moderate. But whenever it has been really critical or adverse, the German

publicity agency has scattered it broadcast through America with deadly effect. The consequent resentment may be due to jealousy, or to the national misconception of English history and outlook, but not until school authorities in the States revise their history primers will that jealousy cease to be endemic or become inoperative. To explain it is not to excuse it, but only to recall its existence as a matter of extreme consequence to the Allies and their cause.

Still another factor in the formation of American sentiment whose importance is overlooked here is the remoteness of Europe, especially from the Western States, and the ignorance of European racial and geographical limits. It is noticeable that whenever the center of war interest has shifted to the Balkans attention in America to the war has begun to flag. In view of the havoc deliberately wrought in Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania by the German, Turkish, and Austrian Armies, a European would have expected on their behalf that display of humanitarianism which is the boast of American culture, which created and has maintained the national sympathy with Belgium. No such display, however, on behalf of the Balkans takes place; on the contrary, the issue becomes remote, alien, suspect: dynastic, not racial; oligarchic, not democratic. If we complain because the Balkan boundaries are unknown in America, we must measure with such ignorance our own familiarity with those, say, of Illinois, and yet the latter has the larger area and population, besides being one of the greatest of industrial centers. Thus measured we have little right to find fault with our Transatlantic neighbors for the parochial character of their geographical knowledge.

Again, we habitually undervalue even now the numbers, good citizen-

ship, organization, and consequent influence of the German element, which forms one-ninth of the whole white population in the States. A generation ago it was almost voiceless, without form or coherence, or influence on President, Senate, or Congress. Today the German vote and German finance are factors in the political daily life of the United States, which no one dares to neglect or fails to court. They bulk more unfavorably to us than the number or circulation of German-American papers and literature would lead a student to expect. Some measure of their power can be gauged by the recent action of the Federal Reserve Board in vetoing Allied Loans, and by the widespread activities of the Peace propagandists. A new campaign was started by these latter at the end of the Presidential Election, and has never been more active and apparently effective than at the present moment. It is the successor of that earlier movement designed to secure with the minimum of effort for Germany the booty which she had seized, just as the present campaign is designed to enable her to retain it with the least possible sacrifice. The immorality of German war methods ensured the failure of the previous attempt, but as soon as Mr. Wilson had obtained his second term of office, and contemporaneously with Lord Grey's address to the Foreign Press Association on the enforcement of peace *after* the war, the German organization joined hands with the genuine pacifists in their second endeavor at *immediate* peace. The seed fell on fertile and favorable soil. There was, and ever has been, an impatient, even insistent, national desire to have peace restored. The President had been re-elected because he intended, if possible, to preserve peace. A series of letters written over the pseudonym of "Cosmos,"

in a journal known to have intimate relations with the President and believed to be by one of his close friends if not by himself, had pointed to the breaches of international law by both combatants, and dwelling on the fervent national desire for immunity of private property from capture, pointed out the impossibility of German, and the cost in men and money of Allied, victory. Thus, argued the author, the need of devising steps to obtain common ground for the cessation of war was urgent, and the duty of doing so compelling. Peace was the common aim of pro-Ally, pro-German, and neutral Americans; they were divided only as to the terms on which it should be concluded. The very fact that they desired a real peace kept the best intentioned and best informed of these pacifists from urging immediate intervention, and by their wisdom and moderation added to their influence and numbers. While, therefore, the President's Peace Note may not have appeared at a juncture best suited to attain its object (and it serves no purpose of mine to criticise its opportuneness, phrasing, or meaning), it did say what most Americans wished the President to say, and it sought to accomplish what they hoped to see accomplished. Accordingly, public opinion rallied to him as it has rallied to him throughout, because they regarded his message, dictated and issued by the submarine menace, as a warning to themselves of the probability of a break in the relations with Germany, as a reminder to Germany of the danger of continuing her policy of piracy, and as showing their President to the world as one who had done everything he could to prevent the break.

With such circumstances and tendencies working strongly and consecutively against both the Allied cause and intervention, I have now

to show why it is that America has, notwithstanding, concurred in its President breaking off relations with Germany, and why it is prepared to follow him should he find it eventually necessary to throw down the gage to the German Government.

Of these predisposing causes the first is the hereditary sympathy with the French Republic. Few Englishmen seem fully aware of this governing feeling in American foreign policy. It dates back to the War of Independence, and no American can conceive of any event which could interrupt or extinguish it. It is a rare, almost unique, instance of national gratitude, paralleled only, if at all, by the perpetual alliance between Great Britain and Portugal. The second of the originating reasons for goodwill was the wanton invasion and bestial ruin of Belgium. Directly the facts had been established—and some considerable time elapsed before they were finally accepted—America made up its mind that Germany had planned the war, had caused its outbreak, and intended by its successful prosecution to become the master and arbiter of Europe. Such a conception of statecraft and policy were repugnant to the peace-loving American citizen, and the attempted execution of them awoke alarm in the mind of every American statesman to whom German doings in Brazil were not unknown nor unmarked, and who realized that the United States has a population of ten millions of full-blooded Germans. Thus to humanitarian detestation of violence was added political concern at such unbounded ambition. German diplomacy, here as everywhere, added both to the disgust of the religious and charitable section of the American people as well as to the distrust of the politicians, and no better servants of the Allied cause have existed in America than Messrs. Dernburg, von Papen, and

Dumba. Their exhortations as to, and explanations of, the devastation by German armies in Belgium and Northern France neither satisfied nor deceived the American public, and their propaganda and advocacy of German guilelessness were received with aversion and incredulity. Americans demanded a narrative of facts without comment, omission, or concealment, from which they considered themselves competent, and intended, to draw their own conclusions. Such a narrative was provided by the Allied official documents, which were freely circulated. The German White Books with their interpolations, hiatuses, and mistranslations were received with some scepticism, have never gained credence, and have indeed seriously damaged their own interests.

When thus the Allied cause had gained a firm foothold in the States, various circumstances helped in counteracting the influences whose adverse effect I have narrated in the first part of this article. The chief of these was the character and reputation of the President. He had shown himself to be endowed with exceptional independence of thought and action. His disregard of precedent in dealing directly with the Senate, his control over the different members of his Cabinet, and his readiness to dispense with the most influential of them if occasion demanded, his radical railway legislation over the head of great and threatening business interests, had, each in turn, marked him out as a tried and trustworthy public servant, a head and shoulders above the contending crowd of unknown men. It is admitted that he, and not his party, won the Presidential election. The thought, the judgment and action of such a man were bound to sway the mind of any people so unused to the consideration of foreign policy as are the Americans. Moreover, a new develop-

ment of American life has taken place which has given Mr. Wilson's authority a greater hold on the country than even his success would appear to warrant. The more recent legislation of Congress, known to have been inspired by the President, has been of a radical character approved by the working-classes. These have broken away, particularly in the West, from their political bosses, to support the man who brought them freedom. A new alignment of opinion has taken place, which for the moment at least owes allegiance to Mr. Wilson and to Mr. Wilson alone.

Now Mr. Wilson's attitude towards the war, and those Powers who are waging it, seems to be clear. He does not want to be involved in it. He is determined not to be inveigled into it by adroit manœuvring in any quarter. He is well aware that such manœuvring has been going on, and he has not yet been the victim of it. He conceives it to be his duty to protect American life and property from damage, but as the injury may be due rather to the indiscretion of subordinates than to the intention of a belligerent Government, and knowing what loss of both life and property will be entailed by entry into the present conflict, he does not intend to be forced into the arena by a relatively unimportant loss of either. So I read his policy, and so I gather do the bulk of his countrymen. They are inclined to be friendly, as he is, to the Allies; they think, as he does, that we are fighting for justice and freedom; they hope, as he does, that we may win. They are of opinion, as he is, that the Allies have violated some of the fundamental conditions of international law, which would require serious attention at once were they not condoned by the massacres in Belgium and at sea of innocent non-combatants by order of the Imperial German Government. In

this conviction, to which they have been slowly drawn, they are confirmed by the Belgian deportations and by the failure of Germany to table the conditions on which she would accept peace. Mr. Wilson's note of protest against the first has been even condemned as inadequate to the gravity of the offense against humanity and international law, and, gradually, American relation to the war has absorbed all other controversies and interests. Since Germany's failure to state her peace terms in her reply to the American Note, it has been held almost universally that such failure indicates a complete lack of honesty and sincerity of purpose. Contrasts have been made with the Allied reply, and the conclusion drawn from the comparison is that the war will continue until victory is achieved; that Germany has broken deliberately her promise; that to protect the lives and property of thousands of her citizens thus threatened America must intervene against Germany; that President Wilson can be trusted not to intervene until the last moment, and can also be trusted to act with vigor when that moment arrives. So thinks America, *The Contemporary Review.*

and because the process of conviction has been very slow, very hesitating, very reluctant on the part of President and people alike, now that the necessity for action is clear they will enter the struggle as a nation united in deed as in theory, in defense of rights imperilled by acts of murder and piracy. But their intervention will have been secured by German wrongdoing far more than by direct and first-hand interest in our struggle on behalf of liberty and justice. It should be our object to do, then, our best during any ensuing military convention between the two nations to develop the co-operation of both nations into a real understanding of each other's mentality and aims, that this in turn may lead to a formal and even permanent alliance. On the basis of such an understanding between peaceful and powerful nations whose language, law, and institutions are more respected and imitated than those of any other single country or alliance, it may be possible to build up a world-system which shall assure a peace whose permanency may be some compensation to our descendants for the horrors we ourselves are suffering.

C. Hobhouse.

"THE TYRANNY OF FASHION" IN WAR TIME.

It has been often and truly said that the War which has brought unparalleled calamity upon Europe, has, on the other hand, brought out much that is noble, and produced a better and worthier standard of life and living. Party politics have been at least suspended; luxury has been curtailed, and extravagant entertainments are no longer given. People who spent their time and money on personal pleasure now devote themselves to War work. It is only to be hoped that this better state of things may

continue permanently after the War, and indeed I take comfort in the thought that the amount of taxation to which we shall all be subjected will leave us too little money for a return to the old ways. But we have not yet nearly reached the limit of self-denial to which we shall be called.

The nation is being urged to economy in every direction in the cause of patriotism; and in most things there has been a response, more or less, often more rather than less. But it looks as if fashion in dress was

to be one of the last strongholds of vanity and self-interest. There is no hindrance to economy, and no obstruction so gratuitous, so senseless, and so useless as that of the changing fashions in women's dress. And I write with the hope of doing something, however small, to show what is at the root of the evil. There might be something to be said for the changes of fashion if they were an advance in the direction of beauty, art, or utility; but this is not their aim. If women, generally speaking, had any perception of beauty, or any sense of humor, the advertisement illustrations in the newspapers, and many of the exhibitions in the shop windows, would act as a deterrent instead of an attraction. Take up any newspaper at random, and looking at the illustrations in advertisement of the fashions, no unprejudiced person can fail to admit that it would not be possible to invent anything more grotesque than many of them. Caricature is carried beyond any limits ever devised by other means.

A woman's form, if only of average good proportions, is beautiful in itself; but fashion does everything possible to distort it. At the time of tight lacing, graceful curves were replaced by a shape like an hour-glass, bulging out above and below a tightly strapped-in zone. It was useless to point out how destructive of health was such an arrangement. Women preferred the displacement of their internal organs, and the torture of squeezing, to the reproach of being out of the fashion. Happily, fashion has now changed in this particular respect. The next alteration was to a shape like a sausage. Stout women were to be seen struggling along in tight skirts like sausage skins, while nervous beholders trembled lest they should burst before their eyes; and slight, graceful girls were unable to

take their proper stride and mince along with ankles hobbled together.

The succeeding fashion of garments widening out from the neck to the bottom of a short skirt, below which appears a length of leg mounted on preposterously high heels, gives the impression of a pyramid standing on a pair of pitchforks. All semblance of the human form has disappeared. The weight of such a quantity of material is also a great burden to bear.*

As to the hats, ingenuity in "frightfulness" could go no farther. If it were possible to invent anything in the form of feminine headgear which would make everyone in the street turn round, it would have been done long ago. It is difficult to imagine anything which could now produce this effect.

Nor does it seem of the slightest use to try to persuade women not to wear aigrettes or the plumage of rare birds. Everyone now knows that aigrettes are the nuptial plumes of the egret, and that, for every one of these delicate feathers worn, not only has a lovely bird to die, but its nest of young ones must perish for want of food. Women knowing this perfectly well will wear a bunch of perhaps twelve to twenty aigrettes in their hats if they are the fashion. There is no longer the excuse of ignorance. In a letter to *The Times* of January 31, Mr. J. Buckland stated that during the last three years no less than 1,865,431 lb. weight of feathers, exclusive of ostrich feathers, had been imported into this country, and that these feathers were still pouring in. When we consider how light feathers weigh, we may form some estimate of the wholesale slaughter this has entailed. And, as Mr. Buckland observes, many of these birds are insect-eaters, and in consequence of their

*The fashions change so often and so quickly that it is difficult to know what tense to employ in writing of them.

destruction food crops in our Dominions are subjected to incalculable damage. He rightly urges that, in the present shortage of tonnage, the importation of these feathers should be prohibited by Government.

It is said that women dress from the desire to attract men and appear beautiful in their eyes. This is true only to a very limited extent, and of a very limited number of women. Men, who do not wear these garments themselves, look upon them from an outside and critical point of view, and if some of the ladies would tell us publicly what their men relations say of them in private, it might be edifying and useful.

I have had a great deal to do with overseas soldiers since the War, and have heard many of their remarks on this subject. The first thing many of them noticed on reaching England was the enormous size of the feet and the thick ankles of Englishwomen, as exhibited by the very short skirts. Other details have come in for observations no more flattering. One man who had been away from large towns for a long while, but who had been kept well supplied with papers from home, said, "I did not think such objects existed out of *Punch*."

But women, as a rule, do not dress for men, nor even really care to be beautiful; or they have lost sight of beauty in the endeavor to be in the fashion. It is for each other they dress, and they compete in trying to be "up-to-date." They examine and criticise each other's apparel, and envy is excited not by the most becoming or graceful clothes, but the newest and most daring. "That must be the last thing out," they observe. I have repeatedly heard otherwise sensible women declare that if crinoline "came in" again, they would not dare to refuse to adopt it and so be behind the fashion. But from this

calamity we shall probably be saved by the more active life now led by women, especially the girls, and the many new occupations which it would be impossible to follow thus attired.... Nor would the public tolerate it. There is no room for crinoline in modern omnibuses and underground railways.

The way that women arrange their hair is a clear proof that they do not dress for the admiration of men; for most of them do it in whatever may be the fashion of the moment, however unbecoming it may be to themselves individually. People with totally different types of features are seen with their hair arranged in exactly the same way.

For some time it has been the fashion to appear out of doors in gowns with necks cut open and often quite low. Elderly women have displayed wrinkled and seraggy throats and collarbones (the part which first reveals the approach of old age); and young women sacrifice their pretty white necks by exposing a selected portion to the sun and wind, and prefer appearing in full evening dress with a large red V-shaped triangle on their chests, to going about in the day-time in an unfashionable bodice. In none of these cases can it be truly said that they dress for the admiration of men.

Here, however, it must be said that in other matters women have more moral courage, and are better able to form and follow their own individual judgment than men. The reason for this is, probably, not any innate superiority of constitution or stronger character, but the fact that women are brought up at home more or less individually and singly, and either continue to live at home, or have been, until recently, in employments where they are not massed together; whereas men are educated in herds or masses in large public schools, universities and

so forth, and afterwards work together in numbers, whether in the Army, Navy, in large offices, mines, or various other civilian employments. They are, therefore, apt to look round to see what their fellows think, and to follow the strongest or most adventurous leader whatever he may be. Which of us, when making some new suggestion to some friend of the "sterner sex," has not been met with the counter-question "Have you spoken to Mr. So-and-So? What does he think of it?"

That veneration for precedent which we all know only too well in Government offices is only the extreme form of this masculine timidity.

Government Departments and public bodies of every kind follow each other like sheep through a gap and when some new departure is proposed no argument however sound is as convincing to them as a statement that some other body, especially if one rather more important than themselves, has agreed to the proposal. They will then swallow it at a gulp.

The mass of men seem even unable to choose their own wives or flirtations for themselves independently. The prettiest and nicest girl will remain partnerless at a ball if she is unlucky enough to know few people, and so, making a bad start, looks neglected; while the plainest and least attractive will draw crowds if she has "bluff" enough to make the most of what partners she may have, and show them off to the rest.

It is said, and with truth, that a widow has three times as many chances of marriage as an unmarried woman. It is also said, but not with truth, that the reason for this is her better acquaintance with men, her greater experience in dealing with them, and her proficiency in wile. But the real reason is that it is obvious to all men that some other man has already

held her in sufficient esteem to marry her, a lead has been given, and the first sheep has gone through the gap.

It is probable that women will lose some of this independent and individual power of judgment in time as they become more and more educated and employed in masses. For in the one matter of fashion in dress they are as slavish as any Town Council or Board composed of men. The reason for this exception follows the rule, and is the fact that women's dress is chiefly seen and observed at parties, functions, and other collective gatherings.

The changes in the fashion are made by the trade, not for the sake of advance or improvement, but for the simple purpose of money-making. A change is sprung upon us for the sole reason of making it impossible (or trying to do so) to wear our present clothes, however good they may still be.

Wide skirts were introduced to make it impossible to wear or to alter the narrow and skimpy ones then worn. They could not be "let out." One of the last devices for this purpose which have appeared is the "peg-top" skirt. The reason is obvious to anyone who looks into it. The skirt is turned in so as to bulge out balloon-wise, and the present skirts are so short that if so turned in they will end above the knees like kilts. So entirely new skirts would have to be bought by those wishing to be fashionable.

Another recently attempted trap is the "barrel" skirt. The fulness of the last fashion is retained at the hips, but dwindles down towards the feet, so as to produce the delectable effect of a beer-barrel. I have already heard ladies congratulating themselves on this change, as so easy to adapt from the last fashion, which can easily be "gored" to the shape. But their congratulations are premature;

for, as the trade anticipates, the "barrel," if worn at all, will last but a short time, and will not become general; for it is not every woman who will care to adopt the beery suggestion. A totally different skirt will then suddenly be sprung upon us, and those who have barrelized themselves will have either cut away the superfluous material or pleated it in with rows of stitching which will leave ineffaceable marks. They will therefore either have to discard their barrels, or wear them "dated."

Even as I write there appears also the "jumper suit," which, we are informed, is a "new vogue that represents the sensation of the new spring fashions." It is a form of clothing in which jumping would seem to be the last possibility; unless indeed it is after the manner of the "jumping bean," the extraordinary movements of which, as we learn from our scientists are produced by an imprisoned maggot.

Whether "peg-tops," "barrels," "jumpers," or other monstrosities are thrust upon us, it may safely be predicted that the next move will be to bring in a skirt so long that the short ones now worn cannot be altered by lengthening; also that sleeves will be first tightened to the utmost limit, and then not long afterwards huge balloons introduced, so voluminous that it will be impossible to alter or convert the last fashion, and new bodices or blouses will have to be bought by ladies desiring to appear "up-to-date."

Skirts and sleeves afford the most fruitful field for money-making changes by the fashion-mongers. But waists also come in usefully, and short high ones will probably be tried again because of the impossibility of altering the present fashion. It will be interesting to see whether these prophecies are fulfilled.

At the beginning of the War, the

excuse made for changes of fashion was that they were good for trade, and provided employment. Now, happily, we have learned the value of labor, and understand that at least during the War it should be employed in producing what is really necessary or useful. Least of all should it be wasted on things which are not even luxuries, nor in any way beautiful. The employment of labor in changing the fashions stands on the same level as the old system of the treadmill; or even lower, for it does more harm.

It is also urged that fashion-making is one of the principal trades of Paris, and that to stop or limit it would be doing an injury to our ally. But all the Allies equally must now give up useless luxuries and trades, English fashion-mongers as well as French. Nor do I suggest stopping the importation of Lyons silks and ribbons, at least after the War. It is only the changes in the fashion of making up material that are so harmful.

Clothes we must have, and there must always be a certain number of persons engaged in making them. But we need not have so many, nor so many changes in their forms, and it is better to wear what we have if still good, becoming, and pretty, rather than to discard them for others which everyone thinks ugly till, as it is said, "the eye gets used" to them. The world would be the gainer in beauty if each woman dressed and arranged her hair with regard to what suited herself, instead of attempting to make herself as much like everybody else as possible. This is what the best-dressed women in all classes have always done; and, by wearing no extravagant fashions, they are able to economize, keeping their clothes as long as they are good, without appearing dowdy. Of such is the woman of whom people say, "She always looks nice." A woman should

not only always be neat and tidy, but try to look as beautiful, not as fashionable as she can. If there is such a thing as "the tyranny of fashion," it is entirely the fault of those who submit to it.

The women of the Empire have risen to the call of patriotism as nobly, and as generally, as the men who have volunteered for the trenches. It is not possible to speak too highly of the way in which they have taken the places of men, and worked in all ways, either paid or unpaid. There are also thousands of women whose minds are occupied with higher and better subjects than the fashions, and who, while still dressing well, do not trouble themselves about these things. But fully admitting and rejoicing in this, I desire to draw attention to the large residuum left still of women who, in the midst of this life-and-death struggle, can take enough interest in fashion to allow it to become a "tyranny." One has only to walk down Oxford Street to see the number of women who still find time to obstruct the pavement by gazing into the drapers' and milliners' windows. Earlier in the War I went into a large well-known shop to buy some tape or buttons, and found a band playing in the tea-room and a number of girls painted and dressed up in the latest and most ridiculous fashions parading round. Some of them looked thoroughly miserable and ashamed of their position. Others were ogling the men at the tea-tables and signaling to them. I do not know whether this degrading performance still continues, for I have not been into the place since. But the shops are as full of expensive clothes, and apparently of customers, as ever.

Expenditure has not diminished but increased since the War. The extreme cold of this winter has no doubt had much to do with the abnormal sale of

furs; but the present costliness of the most expensive would seem to have been no check upon buying. The reports of company meetings show that the large drapers' firms have increased their profits enormously and declared higher dividends since the War. One drapery business alone, which made a net profit of 104,020*l.* for the year ending the 31st of January 1913—a good season—showed a net profit of 225,137*l.* for that ending the 31st of January 1917, an increase of 121,117*l.*

Almost every newspaper still advertises the fashions and describes them in articles. Some of them even have a daily article on the subject. There must therefore be a large demand for this kind of literature. It is not the newspapers that are to blame. Unfortunately, it is by the advertisements, not the sale of copies, that they live. Neither are they altogether to be blamed for inserting articles on the fashions if there is a demand for them. The fault is that of those women who not only can take an interest in such things, but consult them as oracles for their guidance and rules for their obedience. Nor can the standard of literary taste of those who devour this kind of stuff be of a high order. Of all varieties of journalese that of the fashions is perhaps the most distasteful. It would be difficult to find expressions more repellent than "the decrees of Dame Fashion," "the keynote of sartorial success," "an indispensable adjunct to the wardrobe of every smart woman," "a veritable obsession of fashion"; terms such as "dainty," "up to date," "novelties"; or French words such as "mode," "démodé," "chic," and so forth, instead of their English equivalents when English is supposed to be the language written. Of late some of the articles on dress have shown an improvement by describing the sim-

plicity and economy of dress in Paris. But Englishwomen might surely be able to dress simply and economically without needing a lead from Frenchwomen.

We have not touched bottom yet; and so long as it pays the newspapers to insert advertisements and publish articles on the fashions, it is evident that Englishwomen, as a whole, have
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not risen to the full meaning of patriotism, nor grasped the measure of the issues at stake in this struggle for the life or death of each individual as bound up in that of the Empire.

Let us rise to nobler interests and, looking beyond our own petty surroundings, climb to heights whence we can obtain wider views of life, and see its values in truer proportion.

M. H. Mason.

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER XVI.

BLACKMAIL.

"I must cure myself of even thinking about her," said Archibald to himself. "Unrequited love is a mug's game."

Inspired by this excellent sentiment, he took immediate steps to retrieve his financial position, very justly considering that as the foundation of a young man's career. He began by emptying the remaining sovereigns out of the canvas bag into his trousers pocket.

"Now that leaves the bag ready for a fresh start," said he, "which is what most good sportsmen have to do now and then."

With the empty bag in his new overcoat pocket he set forth in his green-upholstered car and visited in turn four of the shops where he stood highest in favor. At each of these he changed five shillings into coppers, till the bag was considerably stouter than it had been when it began its career. It contained, in fact, two hundred and forty pennies.

On his return to the Hotel Chic he carried it unostentatiously up to his room, and there inscribed very neatly and legibly on the canvas—"£500."

"Allowing for the difference in size between a brown and a thick 'un, that

ought to work out about right," he said to himself complacently.

He then very carefully and thoroughly tied and sealed the mouth of the bag, and finally descended in the lift, displaying it much more ostentatiously this time.

"I want to see the manager," he announced at the office with an important air.

The clerk eyed the bag, noted the legend (which happened to be so held that he could read it very easily), and deferentially conducted Mr. Fitz-Wyverne to the manager's room.

"I say, Baron, old bird," said Archibald genially, "I want you to do me a favor."

He had become extremely intimate with the manager by this time, styling him "Baron" because, as he explained, he looked like one. The manager with equal cordiality expressed his pleasure in having the opportunity of doing Mr. Fitz-Wyverne a service.

"I want you to take charge of this for me," said Archibald, throwing the canvas bag on to the table, where it chinked very pleasantly and audibly. "The fact being, Baron, I'm one of those fellows who can't be bothered with keeping accounts, so I pay ready money always; and if I happen to see

a picture or a motor-car or a diamond tiara or anything else, and take a fancy to it, I must have the dibs handy. I'll probably want to blue this little lot in the next day or two, but, till I do, I wish you'd keep it for me."

To so reasonable a request, made with so princely an air, there was, of course, only one answer. The manager took the bag and gave a receipt, which Archibald was a little disappointed to observe only acknowledged the deposit of a sealed canvas bag "marked on the outside '£500.'"

"I'd have had him beautifully if he'd only committed himself to saying the bag actually did hold five hundred pounds," he reflected. "However, I've undoubtedly inspired the proper confidence. Now for a crowded hour of glorious life! What a jolly thing it is to feel financially sound again."

Had he seen the manager gently but firmly pinching the bag all over and observed his extremely thoughtful look at the end of this process, Archibald would probably have felt that he might have inspired even more confidence if he had invested in four hundred and eighty halfpennies.

It did occur to him to look for the diamond trinket as an extra financial precaution, but the trouble of discovering in what direction Joyce's bedroom window looked, and after that making even further inquiries, struck him as excessive, especially for a man with a receipt in his pocket for a bag marked "£500." Besides, he had the kindest heart imaginable, and the idea of disappointing the fortunate finder by a churlish claim was really not to be thought of. So he lunched very pleasantly for the modest sum of two pounds, and decided on a stroll in Piccadilly.

It was then that for the first time he realized certain disadvantages in his position. For a young man of his

social instincts pleasant companionship was quite essential. A solitary sportsman struck him as a mere contradiction in terms. Accordingly, when he observed two fashionably dressed gentlemen approaching him, and recognized them at once as friends of Sir Wyverne's youth, he stopped instinctively and gave them the cheeriest hail.

"Hullo, hullo, old nutlets!" he cried. "Whither away?"

To describe the gentlemen (a political peer and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Brigade of Guards) as surprised would do considerably less than justice to their emotions.

"I am afraid, sir, you have the advantage over us," said the peer politely but not warmly.

"By gad, so I have!" said Archibald, beginning to realize the situation. "Well, the fact is, I'm a cousin of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne, and I've heard all about you both so often I thought I'd just pass the time of day, and so forth and so on."

"As you have now passed it, sir," replied the Lieutenant-Colonel severely, "I should recommend you to move on before you get into trouble."

"And if I hear of your accosting any more of Sir Wyverne's or anybody else's friends I shall inform the proper authorities," added the peer.

"I was merely going to show you the way," replied Archibald quite calmly.

The peer's political habits made him incautiously inquire—

"The way where, sir, may I ask?"

"To the Zoological Gardens," said Archibald, "where you will find your cages awaiting you. Good-morning."

"Scored off them badly!" he said to himself as he strolled on. "At the same time, this kind of thing is rather a jar. I must choose my next bird a little more carefully."

He had just reached the corner of

Hamilton Place when he exclaimed aloud—

"Got him!"

A gentleman who was waiting on the curb for the string of buses to pass turned round at the exclamation. He was a broad-backed, sleek-haired, immaculately attired man, with a heavy blue chin and a curiously furtive look in his eye, as it fell on the stranger who had spoken his thoughts aloud.

"Mr. Muldevon, I believe?" said Archibald, bowing politely.

Mr. Muldevon nodded curtly, still with that watchful, shifty look in his eyes.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Archibald Fitz-Wyverne—a cousin of Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne."

At the mention of this name, Mr. Muldevon turned a shade less florid. His voice too seemed a little unsteady as he asked—

"And what do you want with me?"

"A private word. Shall we cross the street?"

For an instant Mr. Muldevon hesitated, but Archibald had begun to lead the way across Piccadilly with such instant decision that he followed automatically at his shoulder. Without pausing, Archie passed through the small gate into the Green Park, and there under the shade of the trees he turned and looked straight into the wary eyes.

"You once acted as stock-broker for Sir Wyverne, I believe?" he began, with the gravest air at his command.

"And supposing I did?" said Mr. Muldevon.

"My cousin was devilish good-natured over that affair."

"What affair?" demanded Mr. Muldevon, whose blue-chinned face had become a mask.

"That two thousand pounds, old chap."

Mr. Muldevon's face became very intelligent, but none the less sinister.

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"Sir Wyverne gave me his word he would tell nobody! We were old friends; he made allowances."

"He has told me," said Archibald. "And it would be deuced unpleasant if I passed it on, wouldn't it?"

For a moment Mr. Muldevon looked at him in silence. Then, with an unpleasant air of accepting the inevitable, he said briefly—

"Name your price. What do you want?"

"To dance!" cried Archie with sparkling eyes.

"To make me dance, I presume you mean?" said Mr. Muldevon grimly.

"Well, you can dance too if you like—but look here, old bird, the position is this: I'm rather at a loose end—most of my friends out of town, and so forth and so on—and I'm simply busting with beans. I didn't know exactly what I was going to get out of you when I tackled you—whether to make you dine with me or take you out to play golf somewhere, or what. And then I had one of the inspirations of my life. A dance—that was the thing! Can you manage it all right?"

His most intimate friends had probably never seen exactly the same expression on Mr. Muldevon's face before.

"And after that?" he demanded.

"I don't quite follow," said Archibald.

"What else do you want?"

"Well," said Archibald, "if I still find myself at a loose end I might get a day's golf out of you. I've got a ripping car; I'd take you anywhere you like to go. But the dance is the thing at present."

"You are talking seriously? Remember this shock to my nerves is no joke for me," said Mr. Muldevon, with a marked relaxation of the strain apparent in his voice.

"Poor old chap! I'm really awful

sorry," said Archibald with the most charming contrition. "It was deuced ungentlemanly of me, but if you only knew how dull I felt strolling along Piccadilly by my lonely self, you'd make allowances. Of course I'm talking seriously. Now, what about this dance?"

So open and engaging was Archibald's face, and so sympathetic his voice, that the wary look vanished entirely from Mr. Muldevon's eyes, and instead of the curt and sinister person of two minutes before he suddenly revealed himself as an almost excessively rollicking blade.

"Spoken like a sportsman!" he cried. "'Make allowances.' Of course I will! Damn it, old man, the pleasure of making your acquaintance was well worth the shock to my nervous system! As for a dance, by gad, I'm taking my two girls out to a hop on Friday night—that's the day after tomorrow. How'll it suit you to come and join our party?"

"I was sure you were the man I wanted!" cried Archibald rapturously. "I've got a kind of instinct for knowing a good man when I see him!"

Mr. Muldevon assured him he had precisely the same instinct, and had known Archie instantly as one of the best, and they parted on almost affectionate terms.

"I wonder whether it's more luck or good guidance?" thought Archibald as he walked happily back again. "Anyhow, I'm undoubtedly a great success."

As for Mr. Muldevon, his rollicking mood passed as swiftly as it had appeared, and he fell exceedingly thoughtful.

"Well, we'll see," he said to himself finally.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

Musing happily on his exceptional luck, Archibald forgot to turn back

into Piccadilly, and presently discovered himself still in the Green Park, shut off by the railings from the traffic and life of the street. There was not far to go before he came to another gate, but even this brief divorce from the enticing world beyond the bars struck him as an admirable instance of the melancholy way in which some fellows wasted their time. The habits of the late Sir Wyverne were a particularly sad example.

"To think of the fellow—practically *me*—mugging up scientific books and political pamphlets alone in his study!" he said to himself. "What a handicap Samuel was!"

Just before he arrived at the gate he perceived another sad instance—a man still on the right side of middle age, who seemed to prefer sitting alone on a bench to strolling gaily through the crowd. As Archibald's compassionate eye surveyed this figure, it noted, however, certain extenuating circumstances. The solitary's overcoat was sadly frayed at the cuff, one boot showed a loose flap where the upper ought to have joined the sole, his felt hat was of at least three shades of green; in short, he was not quite suitably dressed for a promenade in Piccadilly. Still, sitting alone in the Green Park required a lot of explanation.

And then suddenly the solitary's face seemed familiar.

"It's poor old Jack Swinby!"

To pass an old acquaintance simply never occurred to Archibald. He would have hailed him at once, only his two recent adventures made him cautious.

"Fellows' nerves don't seem as strong as they used to be," he reflected.

So he seated himself on the bench beside the shabby solitary and began in a breezy conversational way, calculated to calm the most sensitive nerves—

"Jolly day, isn't it? I say, don't you find it a bit quiet here? Some fellows like it, I suppose, but it always seems to me rather a pity to waste one's fragrance on the desert air, et cetera."

The solitary looked at him dully. He had pleasant blue eyes, a little blood-shot; his chin was covered with a stubble of fair bristles; his air was apathetic; when he spoke his voice was monotonous but unmistakably that of a gentleman.

"I don't know that I'd call myself very fragrant," he replied.

"That will come all right," said Archibald encouragingly. "Give yourself a chance—that's all that's wanted."

"A chance!" said the other, with a note in his voice which touched Archibald exceedingly.

"You don't remember me, I suppose," said he. "But I know you quite well. You're Jack Swinby."

The solitary was roused this time. He sat up sharply, and there was suspicion in his eyes now.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"A fellow you've met often—when you used to go to Warrington-Browne's rooms."

"That's an obvious lie," said Swinby bluntly. "It's twelve years at least since I saw Warrington-Browne. You must have been an infant then."

"Oh Lord!" said Archibald. "These complications are really the deuce! Well, anyhow, my name's Archie Fitz-Wyverne, and you're going to dine with me tonight, and that's the fact of the matter, old bird."

"To dine with you tonight!" repeated Swinby with a laugh that was more melancholy than his apathy had been. "I don't know how you got hold of my name, but have you the least idea of my distinguished career?"

"Rather!" said Archie. "You were in the 35th Hussars, then you chucked the service and weren't very lucky,

and so on and so forth, and now I suppose—not to beat about the bush—you've landed on your uppers, as many another good sportsman has done."

"Good sportsman!" repeated Swinby sardonically. "It was the blank army who chucked me, and the blank police have made my acquaintance since, and you'd better keep your invitations for people who can accept them."

He turned away as he spoke, and then turned back and threw another curious glance on Archibald.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded.

"That's neither here nor there," said Archie, jumping up. "You just wait here and I'll be back in half an hour."

"You'll probably still find me here if you call again at two in the morning," said Swinby with his uncomfortable laugh.

"Good Lord! Haven't you any rooms, Jack?"

"Jack!" echoed Swinby with a gust of laughter. "I have a room, Archie, my old pal, in a highly fashionable part of the town, but it has a landlord, and he has been making some uncivil inquiries about rent for the last month or two. My room isn't very healthy at present in consequence."

"Pay him a couple of quid on account," suggested Archibald, holding out his hand. "It's a loan, old bird; take 'em."

"A loan?" said Swinby, taking the sovereigns with a hasty movement that almost suggested he was afraid they would suddenly vanish. "And when do you expect me to pay you back, friend of my youth?"

"Oh, I never let people pay me back under a year—that's to say, a year per quid—two years in your case. It's the interest I think of. Well, I'll be back presently. Be good!"

The fashionable apparition sped up the path to the gate and vanished in the crowd of Piccadilly, leaving an extremely perplexed waif on the bench.

In about half an hour the brilliant youth returned, this time carrying a small suit-case.

"Excuse my taking a liberty, Jack," said he, "but the fact is there's a fellow I'm going to introduce you to who's one of the best but a bit of a snob, and I thought I'd better fit you up first with a few *et ceteras*."

As he spoke he opened his bag and took out of it a hat, an overcoat, and a pair of boots.

"I had to have a shot at the sizes," he explained, "but they'll probably see you through the next hour or so. Stick your old things into the bag."

Mr. Swinby stared at him hard.

"You don't look exactly the Salvation Army type," he said, "but I'm damned if I can make out what you're driving at otherwise."

He began to take off his boots while Archibald lit a cigarette and seated himself beside him.

"What strikes me is," said he, "that people are extraordinarily easy surprised. For the last three days I've been noticing it. Of course I naturally want to produce a good impression; it costs no more—or at least only a fiver here and there, and it's a deuced sound form of philanthropy I always think. At the same time, I really don't see any good and sufficient reason for the wild flutter that seems to agitate the spectators whenever I appear. If I wasn't of a hopeful disposition I'd begin to fear that good men were getting scarce."

Mr. Swinby's stare became more comprehending.

"Cracked!" he said to himself. "But it's not for me to complain."

In a new hat, overcoat, and pair of boots, and with a gleam of hope once more in his blue eyes, he looked a very

different gentleman from the waif of ten minutes ago.

"Now," cried Archibald, "come on! My car's waiting for us."

He led the way into Piccadilly, his old friend following with the gleam in his eye still brighter. When he found himself in the green-upholstered car and they started eastwards, there appeared on his face for the first time the dawn of a smile.

"If I might venture to make a suggestion," said he, "this person you are going to be so kind as to introduce me to——"

"My tailor!" confided Archibald.

He perceived that he had caused another flutter of surprise.

"Your tailor!" gasped Swinby.

"My dear old bird, absolutely the first thing you need is a suit of evening clothes! That goes without saying."

He was distressed to notice how lugubrious his old friend's face had suddenly become.

"Evening clothes!" said he, and made a melancholy attempt at a laugh; "I *had* been thinking of a bit of supper."

"Supper!" exclaimed Archibald. "My dear Jack it isn't lunch-time yet."

"I was beginning with the last meal I didn't eat," explained Swinby.

Archibald looked thoughtful.

"This is a bit of dilemma," said he. "Even if we get you measured at once, it's making Pond work pretty hard to have your evening clothes ready for a dance tomorrow night."

"A *dance*?" said Swinby, in a low, and it seemed an awed voice.

"However," cried Archie cheerily, "it's clearly a case where an extra fiver is well spent. We'll have a hasty snack at the Chic, and see what Pond will do if I tell him to name his own figure. Hi, Jehu! Back to the Chic!"

The stout dark expert (who answered very amicably to "Jehu" for much

the same consideration as inspired Pond & Co.) touched his peaked cap, and Mr. Swinby's face began to clear again. He only ventured one more word of protest.

"About tomorrow night," said he, "the fact is I've been a little out of the way of going to dances——"

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(To be continued.)

"You'll get into your stride again in two minutes, old bird. Hullo, here we are. Hop out! By the way, fizz is still your drink, I suppose?"

Mr. Swinby hopped out and approached the revolving glass door of the Hotel Chic with the air of a somnambulist.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM—"THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

The author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" holds a peculiar and unique position in English literature. He is in the front rank in both a popular and academic sense, although only remembered for one book. His writings make no claim to be superfine in diction or style, and the "Legends" in wonderful rhyme are not great poetry, with the exception of the exquisite "As I laye a-thynkyng." Nevertheless "The Ingoldsby Legends" and their characters are immortal, and many a line from the inimitable collection has become colloquial and as much a part of allusive and familiar English as the most inspired quotation from the national classics. Truly a triumph for a light versifier. But Barham brought exceptional qualities to the development of his particular art. He was a wit, and his initial success was won by his startling originality. Not only did he adapt the Gallic spirit and *conte* to the exigencies of the English language; his blending of saints and demons, ghosts and abbots, monkish legend and romance, antiquarian lore and classical knowledge, murder and crime, with his own freakish and whimsical sense of humor, his lightning leaps from grave to gay, his quaint verbal quips, his wealth of topical allusion and most bizarre rhymes—all combined to secure him immediate attention and resultant fame. Further, there was—and is—

something typically English in the "atmosphere" of the "Legends"; the scenes of many of them are laid in Kent—the most typical of English counties, with its low, wooded hills and smiling valleys, where grow the hops of the national beverage; its two cathedrals entwined with history; its historic houses such as Knole and Penshurst; and, above all, its share of the great river, where "go the ships," and of the sea and the white chalk cliffs of England. And Barham was by heredity, birth, over thirty years' residence, and sympathy, entirely a Man of Kent.

For many centuries the Barhams had been settled in East Kent, giving their name to a village and range of downs between Canterbury and Dover. It pleased the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" to claim descent from the brother of that notorious historical personage, Sir Randal—or Reginald—FitzUrse, one of the four knights who murdered Archbishop Becket in Canterbury Cathedral on that drear December eve in 1170 when even the heavens, in meteorological disorder, thundered and lightened. FitzUrse fled to Ireland, and died in exile, leaving his lands in Kent to his brother Robert, who changed the odious name of FitzUrse—literally Bear's Son (three bears figure in the Barham coat-of-arms)—to its English equivalent of De Bearham, which in course of time be-

came Barham. Until the time of James I the family lived near the village and downs bearing their name, but about this date the property was sold.

To come to the direct ancestry of the legendist, it was his great-grandfather, John Barham, who, in 1686, by his marriage with Mary, daughter and heiress of Thomas Harris, a prosperous tradesman, re-acquired some of the property once possessed by earlier members of his family. Miss Harris's dower included the Manor of Parmstead (in older days called Barhamstead), and the adjoining one of Tapping—a name which was to figure largely in later years in the literary work of her great-grandson. Her father, Thomas Harris, had also purchased, in 1699, from Captain James Bix, a fine house, No. 61 Burgate, in the city of Canterbury, and this was the home of "Ingoldsby's" immediate ancestors, and his own birthplace. Mr. Harris dying in 1724, the house in time came to his grandson, Richard Barham. He died in 1784, and was succeeded by his son, Richard Harris Barham—the father of the subject of this paper. The elder R. H. Barham was an alderman of Canterbury, and a truly gigantic and genial example of that adipose class of corporation. He was a *bon vivant*, drank a bottle of port every day, and when he died at the early age of forty-eight he had attained to immense bulk, and weighed twenty-seven stone. It is said that the spacious doorway of his house in Canterbury had to be widened to permit the removal of his coffin on the occasion of the funeral in 1795. Such a grotesquely macabre incident might have inspired an Ingoldsby Legend in the years to come: but little Barham was only six years old when his father died, and beyond his notes for a story to be called "My Grandfather's Knocker," and the line telling

how "many an aldermanic nose roll'd its loud diapason after dinner," "Ingoldsby's" father remains unsung. It was his mother, Elizabeth Fox, a Kentish woman, too, whom Barham most resembled. From her, no doubt, he inherited both his physical and mental qualities, for judging by her portrait she was a vivacious, humorous woman and much resembled her son in coloring and feature.

Richard Harris Barham was born at 61 Burgate, Canterbury, on December 6th, 1788 (the birth year also of Byron and Theodore Hook), and was baptized at the adjoining church of St. Mary Magdalene, where many of his ancestors were buried. He had only a sister, Sara, about whom nothing is known. She is believed to have been born in 1784, and to have died about 1796, and the only tangible relic of her is the name "Sara" together with the initials of her brother, scratched on one of the windows in their home. Consequently, Richard Barham was a solitary little boy, living with his mother in this fine house with its beautiful staircase, paneled rooms, deep cupboards, and all the other suggestive mysteries an old house offers to an imaginative and lonely child. A spacious attic, with a quaint hooded fireplace, is believed to have been his nursery, and his favorite companion was a huge dog, who, in an early portrait, stands as high as his young master.

The influences of his home in historic Canterbury were very strongly reflected in Barham's subsequent literary work, and even more so were those of Tappington, of which he was also the youthful owner, and where many of his holidays were spent. This small picturesque building, of timber and mellow red brick, lattice-windowed and creeper-covered, nestling in a gentle green valley, was destined in future years to be the pivot of "The

Ingoldsby Legends." Here the author placed the abode of the Ingoldsby family, compound of imagination and some traditions in his own family. Barham of course greatly idealized and enlarged the place in his literary descriptions, a hoax which he elaborated by appending to the collected editions of the "Legends" a woodcut of his imaginary Tappington Hall. His own little farmstead was no stately Manor House with avenue guarded by heraldic lodge gates. The real Tappington Hall was Broome Hall near by, on the way to Canterbury, beneath Barham Downs—that bleak elevated land so impregnated with Roman and Saxon remains, and the actual Tappington Moor of "The Hand of Glory." Broome Park answers very well to the literary and pictorial details of the "Legends," and Barham's composite mansion was achieved by transplanting the Oxendens' seat to the site of his own property. Broome Park possesses an additional, and pathetic, interest as the estate acquired by the late Lord Kitchener, the place where he had hoped to spend his retirement.

To return to Barham's early days, after some preliminary education in Canterbury he entered, in 1797, St. Paul's School, London, then located on its ancient site in the precincts of the Cathedral to which he was destined to return in later years a dignitary. Among his school friends was Richard Bentley, the future publisher of the "Legends." Barham describes himself as "a fat, little, punchy concern of sixteen" in these days—a description which held good all his life, for he was short in person, broadly built, and deep chested. He became Captain of the school, and in due course went to Brasenose College, where commenced his long friendship with Theodore Hook. Barham seems to have been an average Oxford

undergraduate, took merely his B.A. degree (in 1811), was extravagant and certainly not what is euphemistically termed "a good young man." For two years, 1811-1813, he was living in Canterbury again, where he founded the convivial Wig Club, whose members, in masquerade, took part in burlesque debates in the summer-house in Barham's garden. His mother owing to failing health, had returned to her early home at Minster-in-Thanes some time previously, and she died there about 1813. Barham's substantial patrimony having been much reduced by the malpractices of a certain attorney, one of his three guardians, he had originally decided to adopt the profession of the Law. But during a severe illness his views on life and conduct changed, and he resolved to enter the Church. He accordingly became curate of Ashford, Kent, in 1813, and of Westwell, in the same county, in 1814—the year in which he married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, Royal Engineers, of Ashford.

Preferment came in 1817 to the Rectory of Snargate together with the curacy of Warehorne, and at the latter place the Barhams lived. These charges were situated in the drear, lonely region of Romney Marsh and that relic of French invasion panic, the Royal Military Canal. Snargate, its damp church and unhealthy parsonage hemmed in by trees, was the most dismal of villages; and Warehorne was not much better off in the midst of the weird, mist-drenched marshland. And yet "this recondite region," as Barham called it in "The Leech of Folkestone," has its own peculiar grim fascination, like the Fens of East Anglia and Chat Moss in Lancashire, for those with an imaginative mind and a flair for the supernatural: these vast flat expanses are full of suggestion, aided by the mystery

of mist, and atmospheric effects, and fen lights at night. Barham's period in Romney Marsh was not wasted, for its subtly picturesque impressions were stamped upon his plastic mind and re-issued in many of the subsequent "Legends." Whilst still here he took to writing, to beguile the tedium of his very lonely life; and in 1819, being laid up for some weeks as the result of a carriage accident, he produced a novel called "Baldwin" (dealing with the case of a man wrongfully accused of murder), published by the Minerva Press the following year. Barham's parishioners were wild, ignorant, reckless people entirely devoted to smuggling, but as long as their parson did not interfere with their illicit pursuits they were civil to him, even though they commanded his belfry at Snargate as a store for contraband tobacco. However, release from his uncongenial existence was at hand. In 1821 an unexpected stroke of good fortune brought Barham the appointment of Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. He accepted with alacrity in the form of a rhyming letter, "An Adieu to the Country";

O, I'll be off! I will by Jove . . .
Quit . . . Romney Marsh for Piccadilly.

Some time after arriving in London, the Barhams went to live at No. 53, Great Queen Street, where their family was increased by the birth, in 1823, of their daughter, Frances, subsequently Lady Bond. Three elder children, including R. H. Dalton Barham (the eventual biographer of his father), had been born in Kent; and the two youngest children, born later in the City, were Edward—Barham's favorite child—and Mary Anne, the Miss Barham who lived for many years at 73, Gower Street, and died in the summer of 1916, the last of "Ingoldsby's" family.

During his early years in London,

Barham occupied his spare time with journalism. He edited *The London Chronicle*, and contributed reviews and light poetical trifles to *John Bull*, *The Literary Gazette*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* (wherein the first of the "Legends"—"The Ghost"—appeared in 1826). But increasing clerical duties caused him, for a time, to write less. In 1824 he was appointed Priest-in-Ordinary to the Chapels Royal, and soon after received the gift of the livings of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul. There was only one church, however; St. Gregory's, which had been situated close to the southwest wall of the old Cathedral, not being rebuilt after the Great Fire. St. Mary Magdalene stood in Knightrider Street, and Barham, in consequence, came to live at No. 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, adjoining the entrance to Doctors' Commons. At this house (now demolished) Barham spent fifteen years—the happiest, probably, of his life, tempered though they were by the loss of two of his children, his eldest daughter dying in 1826, and his son George in 1832, during the terrible epidemic of cholera. During this period he, at last, enjoyed the society of cultured people for which he was himself so well adapted by reason of his wit and bonhomie and wealth of anecdote. Now he was able to entertain his friends, dine out, and go frequently to the play; and here he achieved his literary fame. His intimate coterie of friends included Theodore Hook; Edward Cannon, the eccentric and witty priest of the Chapels Royal; Tom Hill; Sydney Smith; Hood; Lord William Lennox; Harrison Ainsworth; Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's and his accomplished wife.

Mrs. Hughes was a very remarkable woman, strong-minded and clever, yet sympathetic and kind-hearted. Somewhat Spartan with her grand-

children (who included the future author of "Tom Brown's School-days"), to her contemporaries—particularly literary men—she was an invaluable and beloved friend. She knew well Sir Walter Scott, had visited at Abbotsford, and carried on an interesting correspondence with him and Southey and Harrison Ainsworth and many others. When Barham first met her she was a woman of about fifty years of age, and for nearly a quarter of a century their friendship and animated correspondence continued, till severed by death, and to Mrs. Hughes we owe the stimulus and suggestions that produced "The Ingoldsby Legends." She began her influence on Barham's literary career by borrowing the unfinished manuscript of his novel, "My Cousin Nicholas," which he had commenced and laid aside fourteen years earlier. She sent it to Blackwood, and the story being accepted and begun in that publisher's magazine in 1834, the author was compelled to exert himself, and finished the work to the satisfaction of all. Barham was accustomed to assert that he was lacking in the power of literary invention. "Give me a story to tell," he said, "and I can tell it in my own way; but I can't invent one." Consequently when his old school friend, Richard Bentley, commenced, in 1837, his famous monthly, *Bentley's Miscellany*, with Charles Dickens as editor, and applied to him for some contributions, he sought the advice of Mrs. Hughes. She, having at the command of her retentive memory a vast store of ghost stories and traditional topographical legends, related to him various tales which he transmuted by the alchemy of his genius into the golden metal of those scintillating "Legends." "Hamilton Tighe," "Look at the Clock," "The Dead Drummer," and "The Hand of Glory" were some of the stories

which emanated from the Hughes's house in Aimen Corner. Very fittingly Barham inscribed his presentation copy of the collected "Ingoldsby Legends";

To Mrs. Hughes, who made me do 'em;
"Quod placeo (si placeo), Tuum."
Thos. Ingoldsby.*

Barham's identity as the author of the "Legends" was quickly discovered, and he did not disdain the pleasures of success. He was not immune, of course, from some measure of hostile criticism, the most pronounced being in that ill-natured work, "The New Spirit of the Age," by R. H. Horne. As time went on, Barham was not confined to Mrs. Hughes for the source of his stories. He utilized many legends he had heard in Kent, such as those of "Nell Cook," "The Smuggler's Leap," and "Gray Dolphin"; and for the series known as "The Golden Legend" he obtained his ideas and many archæological and hagiographical details from monkish chronicles—including the "Legenda Aurea"—preserved in the Library of Sion College, where he was a frequent reader. These particular legends in the Ingoldsby collection have naturally always given great offense to Roman Catholics by reason of the scant reverence shown to persons and things held sacred by members of that faith. Barham's own defense to the charge was that he was moved to point out the danger to the Church of England by the Romeward movement of Dr. Pusey and his followers. It was a time of much agitation in religious matters, and Barham's shafts of ridicule were aimed to check the increasing use of ritual and veneration of saints in the Established Church. He was sincere, though his method was ill-advised.

Curiously enough, though Barham

*The actual copy with this inscription in Barham's holograph is in the possession of Bernard Quaritch who prices it at £96.

is now only remembered as the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" he and his family regarded his literary work as the least important avocation of his busy life. To him, indeed, the writing of these trifles—as he considered them—was merely a vent for his mental activity, a recreation, such as other men find in cards or hobbies. He would jot down the original script in little pocket-books (still existing in the possession of his descendants) at odd moments, waiting for an appointment or a train, and one "Legend" was written during a slow walk up Richmond Hill on a hot day. He was at his best, mentally and creatively, as midnight approached, when he would pour forth a stream of anecdote and witty comment; or if alone he was wont to write with an amazing facility up till 2 A.M. and later. He wrote easily or not at all: if the slightest hitch occurred, he would often throw the piece aside and never finish it.

Being late to bed, he was naturally a late riser. As the bell of St. Paul's was clanging for the service at which he was going to officiate, he would take a hurried breakfast at 9.30, standing up, and sharing the food with a stray cat, who was accustomed to wait outside the dining-room window for this ecclesiastical refecton. This cat eventually established himself as a member of the household, and was named "Chance," for Barham was devoted to the feline tribe. His son relates: "Next to his wife and children, I verily believe my father loved his cats. One or two would commonly be seen sitting on his table—sometimes on his shoulder—as he wrote. . . . One of my father's last injunctions was: 'Take care of "Chance" (an interloper) for my sake: "Jerry" will be taken care of for his own.' " "Jerry," a black cat, was the special pet of Miss Mary Anne Barham, who used

to dress him up in a baby's robe and bonnet, and put him to sleep in a cradle by the fire. On one occasion when Mr. Bentley called and was waiting to see Barham he noticed this curious object. Being near-sighted he put on his glasses and bent forward to examine the black-faced baby more closely. The "infant," greatly annoyed at this examination, sprang from the cradle and dashed across the room, tearing the baby's robe to tatters with its claws, to the amazement and horror of Bentley, who was in doubt if this were not some demoniacally possessed child or a materialized little devil from the Ingoldsby collection.

In the summer of 1839 the Barhams moved into Sydney Smith's residential house, No. 1 Amen Corner—that delightful and secluded little City close, where, as "Ingoldsby" humorously wrote, he had a garden "containing three polyanthus roots, a real tree, a shrub, eight broken bottles, and a tortoise-shell tom-cat asleep, with a varied and extensive prospect of the back of the 'Oxford Arms,' and a fine hanging wood (the New Drop at Newgate)." The house, built by Wren in 1684, was cozy and commodious, and with its paneled rooms and beautiful staircase was very similar to Barham's first home at Canterbury in the days of youth. So tender-hearted was Barham that he felt compunction at the necessary destruction of the hordes of rats infesting his new abode. "My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale slaughter," he wrote to Mrs. Hughes.

One can appreciate how keenly his sensitive nature suffered under his many domestic sorrows. The cruellest blow was now to fall, for in June, 1840, he lost his youngest son—his "little boy Ned"—who died at the age of twelve years. The father's grief was intense

and he never recovered from the shock. Who can read without emotion that pathetic letter to Mrs. Hughes: "I cannot—I can not reconcile myself to my loss. . . . God soften my heart. . . . I have shed scarcely a tear, till now that I am writing to you, when, thank God! they are flowing pretty freely. . . . If I sleep, my dear boy is in all my dreams." Barham's supreme sorrow is reflected in many of the subsequent pieces he wrote, particularly in the sad lines at the end of "The Wedding Day," and pre-eminently in the beautiful "As I layea-thynkyng."

After his son's death Barham was away from London for some time, staying first at 30, Bedford Square, Brighton, and later in the summer at Great Burstead Vicarage, where he wrote "The Black Mousquetaire." The readers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, at the time, little knew that this gay trifle was the refuge of a breaking heart. As he said: "I find work my best solace, and I do work incessantly, though I fear not to the same purpose as I think I could have done had my poor boy lived for me to have worked for." He experienced another severe shock the following year at the sudden death of his greatest friend, Theodore Hook. Edward Cannon, James Smith, and Tom Hill were also dead, so Barham was one of the last left of the coterie of wits who had spent such joyous times together. He did not long survive his friends.

Little remains to be told. In 1842 he exchanged his City livings for the contiguous ones of St. Faith and St. Augustine, his church being in Watling Street. The last years passed, devoted to his clerical work and family, and to his recreations in the way of writing the final "Ingoldsby Legends" and making genealogical research. Barham's health failed, and a violent chill he took on a bleak day in October, 1844, caused severe inflammation of

the throat. He never recovered from this painful malady, and though he rallied at times and resumed his occupations, each recurring attack left him weaker. In April he had a severe relapse, and increasing pain and a tendency to suffocation brought a realization of the seriousness of his condition. He was taken to Clifton in May, and it was here, on the 29th, from 9, Dowry Square, that he penned his last communication to Mrs. Hughes in the form of that rhyming epistle (subsequently called "The Bulletin," when published), wherein he recounted, with all the gaiety of his prime and his most freakish rhymes, the pharmaceutical horrors practised upon him during his illness—certainly the most amazing effusion that ever emanated from a death-bed. His sad situation was intensified by the severe illness of his wife. The responsibility resting upon his daughter Frances was almost overwhelming. It was decided to return home, and Barham's old bizarre humor flashed forth for the last time with the remark—as he was carried into his London house—that he was indeed at Amen Corner.

And then for a fortnight there lasted that wonderful death-bed scene, when a man of but fifty-six years of age, and with his brilliant mental powers at their zenith, calmly faced with the bravest fortitude the most appalling experience of humanity. He made careful and minute arrangements for the disposition of his property, and did not forget even the future of his cats. He partook of the Holy Communion with his family for the last time, and awaited the end. The loss of children and friends, and the wearing effect of pain, had weakened all desire to live longer, he only sought rest:

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun
was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd
on her breast

With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise
 As to her nest;
 As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning
 was expressed:—
 "Follow, follow me away,
 It boots not to delay,"—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 "*Here is Rest.*"

In these lines of rare loveliness, and throughout "Thomas Ingoldsby's" last poem, how exquisitely are blended strains of romance and mystic sym-
 The Bookman.

bolism and beauty with the sense of regret and weariness which comes to the pilgrim at the end of Life's Journey.

Barham died on June 17th, 1845. He was buried in the vaults of his former church, St. Mary Magdalene; but in 1886 the building was destroyed by fire. The bodies of Barham and his children were reinterred at Kensal Green Cemetery, and there the author of "The Ingoldsby Legends" rests—near many aforetime "friends hid in Death's dateless night"; but his literary work survives for all time.

S. M. Ellis.

REAL WAR POETRY.

It is high time that the writing of war poetry was left to the sailors and soldiers who have discovered, to the amazement of their friends and their own amusement, that they have the gift of thinking poetically and finding words to match their thoughts. When the war began the civilian verse-makers had a tremendous innings; the number of high-explosive canticles which they produced is past all counting, and no living critic can have read a tithe of them. Mr. Kipling and Dr. Bridges and several other established poets manfully resisted this strange *scabies scribendi*, and have earned the gratitude of connoisseurs not so much for the few pieces they put forth as for the many they left unwritten. (Which reminds me that a recent winner of the Newdigate Prize at Oxford attributed his victory to the fact that his exercise was less than half the customary 300 lines in length. "I won it," he cheerily confessed, "for the 160 lines I didn't write, not for the 140 I did—frightful tosh, as you'll see.") Of all the civilian war poetry I have read, only one piece has the look and gesture of immor-

tal, and that is Mr. Laurence Binyon's "To the Fallen"; a noble valedictory without a touch of the rather thin virtuosity which is that author's exquisite failing. The making of verse memorials, after all, is a task to which the non-combatant poet may address himself without fear of losing his sincerity, if only he try to live up to the simplicity of the antique models. The famous epitaph on Wagon Hill, above Ladysmith:

Tell England, you who pass this monument,
 We died for her and rest here well content,

rivals the everlasting tribute to Leonidas and his lion-hearted company in truthfulness of thought (as I shall presently show), if not in beauty of diction. There is only one other epitaph in English which is as brief and beautiful and as appropriate to the scene which is its setting. I found it in a Kentish churchyard, surrounded by shading trees full of wood-pigeons now as in the eighteenth century, doubtless, when this cry of a lover to her beloved was first graven in the gray stone:

I coo and pine and ne'er shall be at
rest
Till you come to me, dearest, sweetest,
and best.

Here, however, passion is romantic; and we must get beyond romance, even to the reality behind realism, if we are to make worthy epitaphs for the brasses of the men who are dying for us daily, whose very dust may not be redeemed. In the making of such verse memorials—the briefer the better—let our stay-at-home poets spend themselves, leaving all other war poetry to the ever-increasing company of Sidneian makers and singers.

I have nearly all the verse-books published by our soldier-poets (many of them Oxford and Cambridge scholars), and not a few unpublished poems, equal in merit to the best that have been printed, have lately come to me from France and Flanders and out of the wandering graves of various seas. And whether these fighting poets write gravely or gaily, they never fall into the besetting fault of those who have not seen the war from within—their note is never strained, they never lose their temper with the enemy, nor even their temperament, and they avoid rancor or repining. How angry the Germans would be if they were to read the work of these young war-poets, who refuse to argue with them, much less abuse them in the rhetoric of vindictiveness, of which the "Song of Hate" is the prize specimen! In the letter which accompanied a selection of verse, hasty but impressive, from the trenches in Flanders, I read this sagacious saying: "Not worth while trying to score off the Boches in verse—we can do that better when fighting them." Very little verse seems to have been written by German soldiers, and what has appeared in German papers and paper-covered books since the war began

is mostly flagrant rhetoric, rowdy rather than strong and "bloody-rooted though leaf-verdant," seeing that it grows out of a theory of national conduct which, having murdered peace, has been all but successful in murdering war. The very few German trench poets are moved more by hatred for other people's countries than by love of their own, and, as munitions of a synthetic spirituality, their poems are of less value than Zulu war-chants. And if we believe with Napoleon that war is three-fourths a moral issue, this non-moral stuff is yet another ominous sign that the German Army is doomed to die of its own soullessness, to run down suddenly like a piece of clockwork which has lost its secret spring.

Love of country is the dominant emotion of our fighting poets. Their patriotism is blissful, sacrificial, keen—something far beyond any 'ism, which can only be shadowed forth in familiar symbols, sights and sounds and odors of the green English countryside, England's historic towers inscribed with the "frozen music" of unravished centuries, the curious laws and quaint customs of schools and colleges, the more human letters which are a mirror of the past, and flash new light on this latter-day warfare. In Captain Charles Sorley's profoundly significant poems* all these forms of similitude are found abundantly. In the "battered trenches" he has a sudden conviction that the bright and orderly rhythm of warlike preparedness is something he has known well ever since he began to read Homer, so he writes in a rhymed letter to a school friend:

I have not brought my *Odyssey*
With me here across the sea;

*"Marlborough and Other Poems." By Charles Hamilton Sorley, sometime Captain in the Suffolk Regiment (killed in action October 13, 1915). Cambridge University Press.

But you'll remember, when I say
How, when they went down Sparta
way,

To sandy Sparta, long ere dawn
Horses were harnessed, rations drawn,
Equipment polished sparkling bright,
And breakfasts swallowed (as the white
Of Eastern heavens turned to gold)—
The dogs barked, swift farewells were
told.

The sun springs up, the horses neigh,
Crackles the whip thrice—then away!

So the immemorial face of warfare
gleams before him, the same today as
in all the yesterdays, and perhaps he
dreams that the Englishman is but a
Greek grown old, deep waters crossed,
and many a watch-fire extinct in gray
ashes. And then comes a swift vision
of his old school, set among the slow-
curving westward downs:

Away to rightward I desery
My Barbary ensconced in sky,
Far underneath the Ogbourne twins,
And at my feet the thyme and whins,
The grasses with their little crowns
Of gold, the lovely Aldbourne downs,
And that old signpost (well I knew
That crazy signpost, arms askew,
Old mother of the four grass ways).
And then my mouth is dumb with
praise,
For, past the wood and chalk-pit tiny,
A glimpse of Marlborough *ἐπαυρή!*
So I descend beneath the rail
To warmth and welcome and wassail.

Another scholar-soldier remembers
the tall, well-drilled tulips and the
gnarled wistaria in his college garden,
and the livid snakesheads in Ifley
mead and the cloud-dappled Cumnor
hills, but would not go back to the
old dreaming life:

Ah! days of yesteryear, whose hours
flew by,
As winds blow past the tent wherein I
lie,
Heedless I let you go, nor knew your
span;

And yet—I would not have you back
again,
Even amidst the misery and pain
That now is making of the boy a
man.

Or, taking up a little trench journal,
we find a war-made poet (he never
wrote a line of verse in peace-time)
remembering his own West Country:

Within my heart I safely keep,
England, what things are yours:
Your clouds and cloud-like flocks of
sheep

That drift o'er windy moors.
Possessing naught, I proudly hold
Great hills and little gay
Hill-towns set black on sunrise-gold
At breaking of the day.

And, between watches in the North
Sea, a Naval officer dreams of his own
corner in the English countryside:

And once again in that fair dream I
see the sibilant, fair stream—
Now gloomy-green and now agleam—
that flows by Furnace Mill,
And hear the plover's plaintive cry
above the common at Holtye,
When redly glows the dusky sky and
all the woods are still.

Very little of all this home-seeking
verse has been published; if it could
all be collected, we should have a
complete poetical gazetteer, not only
of the Mother-islands, but also of all
the "demi-Englands" beyond the un-
severing seas. That book of the soul
would contain pictures on tablets torn
out of memory of little upland towns
in the Pennines,

Where one may lounge i' the market-
place
And see the meadows mown,
and of the ultimate wonders, also, of the
great Dominions, such as those which
Canada reveals to the traveler far afield:

See my morning glaciers shine,
Emeralds in the far sky-line!
See how on my deathless snows
Evening rests, a dying rose!

Where the ever-circling day
Dawns within my haunted Bay,
See the icebergs pass along
Like a city in a song!

It is seldom indeed that the fighting poet sets down in verse his impressions of the ghastliness of warfare; so that even the description of a passing Red Cross car as

A moving Calvary painted gray

comes as something out of the expected course of thoughts flying homewards. This is the kind of thing that happens: after a spell of grim fighting the poet rests in one of the little gardens behind the trenches, full of flowers transplanted from some wrecked village, and casts his meditation in the form of a mystical dialogue between the Rose and the Gardener:

The Rose (envious of the Lily):

Oh, what a lovely yellow bloom,
Crown of the richest golden hue!
Light from the garden's open tomb,
Give me a golden Flower too!

The Gardener:

Know ye the spirit of your kind?
It is not mine to make it so;
Color and form are of the mind;
Ponder the Lilies, how they blow.

and so on until the full significance of life and loss has revealed itself petal by petal. So many men, so many moods; but every man is so much himself that the Germans in the trenches beyond the narrow No-Man's-Land, who think only according to order, are lost in his impregnable disdain. It would be sacrilege to admit a thought of these wolf-slaves into his vision of England, or of some English girl who personifies the land for him—her "crystal arms" reaching out to him "over seas of eves and dawns," to use an Anzac poet's fine phrases.

Even in the humorous verse of the little journals that come from the Fleet and from the Front (or on the

way to it) not a line is wasted on hating the Germans. They are cheerfully ignored as being, for a time at any rate, necessary nuisances—like mud and microbes and the parasites which are the Prussian's little brothers. In days to come, when Germany makes a study of all this war-verse in hopes of understanding the psychology of a triumphant enemy, the German professor will resent the silent contempt shown for all the "frightfulness" of his ancestors. There is nothing which irritates the inflamed egotism of the Prussian more than the Briton's inexorable equanimity. The Naval poets—few in number, for sea-time offers only odds and ends of leisure—absolutely refuse to take notice of what the wild sea-Huns are saying. Their stuff, especially if they belong to "the Trade," is full of chaff baffling to a land-lubber. What will the German professor that is to come (mentioned above) make of the following sea-versicle?

The Gloob, it is a curious bird;
His habits really are absurd;
He eats his meals and drinks his drinks
And sometimes thinks and thinks and thinks
And gloobs, but never says a word.

There is more in this than meets the eye, surely. From the same ship, last heard of from Salonika, comes a tribute to a certain heroic card-player:

Tickets, tickets,
Our stations we must take.
Tickets, tickets,
That's all you can make.

Tickets, tickets,
We're sinking fast.
Tickets, tickets,
I'll take the last.

Tickets, tickets,
Prepare to ram.
Tickets, tickets,
Little slam!

It was on this ship that a wagtail took refuge many miles out at sea, and was much petted by officers and men, till a sparrow hawk, another guest that preferred being mast-headed, swooped down and finished him off. Was this curious episode taken as a text for a meditation on the delights and dangers of life ashore? Yes, indeed; the moral of the resulting lines was without a touch of sentimentality. You can be (and often are) sentimental in billets, but not in a ward-room or on the lower deck. Naval verse often concerns itself with reflections on the governance of the service:

Our Navy great is run for good or bad
By a collection called from its personality
His Majesty's Great Board of State for
Ad-Mirality.

In the matter of parodies, a popular pastime by land or by sea, the Navy could give a few points to the Army. The plain truth is that Naval officers are caught so young that they have no time to acquire the faculty of original versification. As for the flying men, they have not as yet explained what M. Rostand called "the blue laurel of the air" in winged words. It was left to a civilian versifier (whose effort they approved) to celebrate the glories of our sea-born airmanship:

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Then did the British airman's sea-born skill
Teach wood and metal to foresee his will;
In every cog and joint his spirit stirred;
The Thing possessed was man as well
as bird.

A falcon among timorous fowl he flies,
And bears Britannia's battle to the skies.
In vain the Hun seeks covert in a cloud,
The ghostly gloom is made his shaken shroud.

But there is a young airman who will some day get his "wings" for verse-making if he has the luck he deserves.

This essay, written round about a large and alluring subject, has, at any rate, shown reasons for believing (1) that the poetry of our sailors and soldiers is nearer to the truth of a critic ordeal than the too strenuous stuff of the civilian practitioners; and (2) that it is yet another proof of an exaltation of spirit which must in the end defeat the evil intentions of Germany's gigantic clockwork Empire. Time, the only neutral power that matters, shall at the long last demonstrate the folly of a materialism that has but one gesture—the German thumb rubbing against the German forefinger, a symbol of acquisitiveness which has come down from the ape-men catching you know what!

E. B. Osborn.

TOM BOILMAN.

(Concluded.)

III.

It was the Doctor's good or ill fortune to play his part in the end, as he had played it in the beginning, of Harry Allweather's tragic case. Two more days passed, during which he heard nothing of the farmer. A sudden outbreak of measles depleted

the classes at the village school and kept him for the time being actively employed. The third day was a Sunday. About four o'clock in the morning he was aroused from his sleep by the violent pealing of his night bell, and on looking out of his bedroom window he saw the lamps

of a dog-cart flaring in the street below. Already dawn was breaking, but the shadows of the valley still lay like a pool of ink over the village. The comparative rarity of such untimely calls made them no more welcome when they came; and it was a sour-faced and irritable man who, candle in hand, opened his front door and found Harry Allweather standing there.

"Good Lord, Allweather!" he cried. "What's wrong now?"

"I want you to come with me," the farmer said. He stood stooping in the doorway, and as he spoke he turned his head sharply as though listening for some sound outside. His great figure, oddly crouched—almost cowering, as the Doctor thought—was black against the glare of the lamps behind him, and upon his face the wavering candle cast unquiet lights and shadows, that blended and dissolved again like images in water, so that it was not easy to see the man beneath; but there was that in his bearing which awoke a strong sense of alarm and distaste in Doctor Causton.

"Anybody ill?" the latter asked; but he knew perfectly well who it was that was ill.

"I'll tell you as we go," said Harry Allweather. "I can't wait." His voice grew shrill and urgent, and he put out a hand to clutch the other's sleeve. "Come, Doctor, for God's sake! I must go, and the fear of it is killing me!"

"My dear man," said Doctor Causton, "do you realize what the hour is? Come in and talk it over. Where do you want me to go?"

But Harry Allweather, it was now plain, was in a state bordering on panic. He shook with anxiety to be off, and yet clearly stood in abject terror of what lay before him if he went and again he twisted his head toward the dark street to stare and listen.

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"Is anyone out there?" the Doctor asked sharply.

"Yes, yes!" the farmer cried. "They're waiting for me. They're calling now. . . . Can't you hear them? Listen . . . !" He held up a hand for silence and bent his head again toward the door; but the Doctor could hear nothing but the distant crowing of a cock. And then Harry Allweather was at him again, pulling his arm, pleading with him to come—to come at once. . . . There was something infinitely pitiful in this strong man begging, like a child, for company in the dark. It was evident to Doctor Causton that the farmer's delusions had finally unsettled his reason. He could not say where he was going, but only that he must go—that "they" were calling to him. His agitation was so extreme that he could hardly speak. With his eyes on the street he began to pull the Doctor toward the trap; and that long-suffering but humane man, fearing a violent end to this scene if he did not give way, presently found himself, inadequately clad in trousers, shirt, overcoat and cap, rattling down the sleeping village behind the farmer's cob.

They were driving westward, towards Bledcaster. It was still very dark in the valley, but the constellations were paling overhead; and behind these frantic travelers the sky was whitening above the hills. Except for the occasional "Cocorico! Cocorico!" of some over-zealous rooster, the rattle of their wheels was the only sound that broke the inimitable stillness of the dawn; but the world was stirring in its sleep, and the perfume of leaves and blossoms, faint and exquisite, stole upon the senses. The Doctor was struck by the incongruity between the beauty of the morning and their hare-brained errand.

"Of course I'm quite mad," he said

presently. "And now, Allweather, perhaps you will kindly tell me where we are supposed to be going."

The farmer was crouched forward, staring before him. He had not spoken since they left the Doctor's house, but now that he had accomplished his object his fever of anxiety seemed to have abated, and he allowed the cob to keep its own pace. It was clear, however, that he still watched and listened for the voices he believed to be calling him; and his companion, who could neither hear nor see anything unusual in front of them, discovered himself presently, to his great disgust, to be infected also by this delusion. Not that he heard anything; but he caught himself hearkening for sounds through the rattle of the hooves and wheels; and there grew upon him the uncanny conviction that they were being *led*. . . .

"Where are you taking me, Allweather?" he asked again.

"I don't know," said Harry Allweather. He spoke so low that the other could scarcely hear him. "I don't know. But they are calling me, and I must follow. . . . Don't you hear them?"

"No!" replied the Doctor, with some asperity. "And if you want to know, Allweather, I don't believe you do either. Use a little common sense, man! What are these precious voices saying to you?"

But the farmer did not seem to hear him.

"Doctor," he asked, "have you ever heard of Tom Boilman?"

"Never," said Dr. Causton. "Who was he?"

"This evening," said Harry Allweather, while the Doctor leaned toward him to catch his words—"this evening—or, rather, last evening—just after dark, I heard a voice calling me. It was in the house—a poor, thin voice, like a soul in torment.

'Tom Boilman!' it said. 'Tom Boilman! Aren't you coming, Tom Boilman? We've waited for you a weary, weary time. . . .' So it went on. All the evening and the night it was calling about the house. And there were other voices, but always the same words. . . . I think I was nearly mad before this began: I've been in hell again since I saw you—scared out of my life, and not a whit nearer knowing what it was all about; but the voices! Oh, God, the voices. . . . Listen! they're calling now!"

"Stop this, Allweather!" the Doctor cried. "Don't be an idiot! What has this Tom Boilman to do with you?"

"It is me they mean," the farmer said.

"But why? Have you ever heard of such a person?"

"Never. But it is myself they are calling. . . . I know it well enough. All night they have been crying to me to come—crying that they have been waiting a long, long time for me; and now they are leading me. . . . But where, Doctor? Where . . . ? They are calling in front of us along the road. Can't you hear them now?"

Doctor Causton denied that he could, with some vehemence; but as the farmer clutched his arm and urged him to listen once again, he felt his hair rise and the flesh shiver on his back, for he could have sworn that a small voice was crying out far away down the dark road. And to add to his discomfort, Harry Allweather answered it.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" he cried, and, for the first time, began to lash at the cob.

For the remainder of that mad ride the Doctor simply clung to his seat and prayed to Heaven to deliver him from lunatics. The light dogcart rolled and bounded like a live creature. They flashed through sleeping villages.

now invaded by the growing daylight, and in time came to one where doors and windows were opening and astonished faces peered out at them. The day had come: only a single pale planet hung in the west, while all about them sounded a prodigious twitter of bird voices; and suddenly, from over the hills at their back, the level rays of the sun lit up the highway and flung before them a grotesque silhouette of their insane career. Shortly after this they took in their stride, as it were, a small town which the Doctor knew to lie half-way to Bledcaster; and a dial in the street informed him that the hour was six o'clock.

He had endeavored, more than once, to expostulate with Harry Allweather about the folly of these proceedings, but the farmer did not even answer. He appeared to have forgotten his companion's presence. He spoke only to urge his horse to greater efforts and occasionally to cry, in answer to the voices he alone could hear, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" Doctor Causton, whom daylight and the perpetual jolting had rendered profoundly sceptical once more, thought this assurance rather superfluous. It was quite obvious that they were coming—but where? When was this flight to end? The horse—a willing, sturdy little beast—was beginning to flag; but still Harry Allweather, who had been used to love all animals, punished it without mercy.

At length there came a time when the cob could do no more. It fell into a walk, sobbing painfully with every breath, and all the farmer's blows and curses failed to rouse it. Doctor Causton, indeed, stayed the whip and wrenched it from the other's hand.

"For shame!" he said. "You're killing the poor brute!"

"And why not?" the farmer cried, turning a maniacal face to his. "I'm

being killed myself—by inches! Oh, God! are we not there yet? When shall I have peace?"

They were the first words he had spoken to the Doctor for an hour, and without any more he leaped down from the trap and set off at a round pace on foot. For a minute or two Doctor Causton remained in his seat. Mortified at the ridiculous situation in which he found himself, his first inclination was to leave the farmer to his own devices. But the man, as he reflected, was no longer sane: duty and friendship alike urged him to pursue; and with a groan he too climbed down and followed, leaving the trap and the exhausted cob derelict by the roadside.

From now to the end Doctor Causton traveled in a kind of nightmare. When, with difficulty, he overtook the farmer, who was striding at a great pace, the latter made no sign of recognition. He plodded sullenly on, his burning eyes staring ahead, his lips muttering unintelligible words, his ear continually turned to listen for his beckoning ghosts. His hat had fallen off long before, and occasionally, with a distracted gesture, he passed his hand through his hair. He moved, for all his speed, like a man in a stupor; and indeed there seemed to the Doctor to be something almost superhuman in his mechanical energy. Apparently he had eaten little and slept hardly at all for nearly a week, yet still he pounded on, mile after mile. Early as it was, the sun was powerful; and Doctor Causton, in his absurd costume, of which he was miserably conscious, grew uncomfortably hot. He longed for a drink, but the hour and day were against him; he would have bartered his soul for a cigarette, but he had none with him, nor even a penny-piece with which to buy any. His sole cause for gratitude lay in the fact that they met but few other way-

farers. Those whom they did encounter invariably paused to stare back after these inexplicable pilgrims.

So their journey dragged to its conclusion, a strange mixture of the ludicrous and tragic. Harry Allweather lived now entirely in the world of his delusions. He staggered on ahead, panting and muttering; and the Doctor, the comic element in the play, followed blasphemously after. It says much for his humanity and zeal that he did not abandon his charge. And so, when the pair had traversed many miles and several other half-awakened villages, they came, about half-past eight in the morning, to the outer houses of Bledcaster.

That venerable city presented an unwelcome air of liveliness, for people were returning from the early service in the cathedral. From the barracks on the hill a bugle call was sounding; and Harry Allweather, as he heard it, stopped and clapped his hand to his head, like a man whose memory is stirred. The doctor hoped for a moment that this was a sign of returning sanity.

"Now, Allweather," he said, "there's a friend of mine, Dr. Brooke, in the High Street. We'll go and beg breakfast off him, and a wash."

But Harry Allweather only stared at his companion with a pitiful lack of understanding. If the Doctor's hope had been sincere, it was crushed then forever; for the farmer's eyes were vacant and dim, and his whole expression spoke only too plainly of the utter annihilation of his mind. The strain had been too great, even for that obstinate and manly soul: the voices had called to him too often. It was not the least pitiful part of his collapse that he was become quiet even to docility. He looked at Doctor Causton with the dumb patience of some old and weary dog. The Doctor,

shocked out of his own small grievances by this calamity, took him by the arm and led him through the wondering church-comers toward the High Street.

At the east end of Bledcaster, as everybody knows, a wide market-square interposes between the barracks and the cathedral—a square still surrounded in part by gabled Tudor houses and dominated by the historic cross which a momentarily pious queen caused to be erected there. As the dusty and weary travelers entered this enclosure, the great figure of the farmer stooping on the Doctor's arm, there came from a street on their right a sudden outburst of military music; and, a moment after, the band and the leading fours of the battalion in garrison in the town swung into view on their way to the Cathedral. Doctor Causton felt his companion stiffen and halt. Harry Allweather, with his hand to his head and an expression of the most poignant agony on his face, was staring at the oncoming soldiers. So he stood for a moment, while the band, playing the regimental march, came steadily onward with the long column of red-coats in perfect step behind; and then he pulled the Doctor close to him and, with an air of profound cunning, whispered in his ear:

"What is the badge on their caps?"

"I can't see," said Doctor Causton.

"But I believe they are a local regiment—Wiltshires or Dorsets. Wait a moment . . ."

"Is it a lamb?" the farmer whispered. "Oh, is it a lamb?"

"Wait . . ." the Doctor repeated, wondering what new delusion was at large in the brain of his unhappy friend. But Harry Allweather could not wait. He gave a sudden loud cry:

"Yes, I'm coming . . . coming . . . !"

And with that he tore himself from the Doctor's grasp and ran

across the great sunlit square towards the marching regiment. He seemed to be calling as he ran, but his words were drowned by the brass and drums. The Doctor had followed immediately; but he had not taken a dozen steps when he saw the farmer, some yards in front, throw out his hands and fall forward upon his face on the square, within a musket-length of the swinging ranks of red. And when he reached the prostrate figure he knew at once that the pilgrimage and persecution of Harry Allweather were alike forever at an end.

IV.

All truly literary people like their stories, whether fact or fiction, to be rounded off in a finished manner. A story that has no end is an abomination like a headless man. And Doctor Causton always maintained that the redeeming feature in this lamentable affair was the way in which he was presented, before the morning was out, with those missing facts that alone could make it intelligible. Even so, of course, there was much that no one could explain.

When the Doctor had seen the body of poor Harry Allweather removed to a temporary resting-place, and had satisfied a sceptical constabulary that he himself was a reputable citizen, he made his way with all speed to the house of his fellow-practitioner in the High Street. There he was soon supplied with some additional articles of attire, a hot bath, and a breakfast. Doctor Brooke, who was preparing himself for church, looked in upon his friend now and then and heard a few details of the case.

"What did the fellow die of?" he asked on one of these visits.

"I shall certify it as heart failure, of course," said Doctor Causton; "and so it was; but it would be truer to say he died of fright."

A little later, as Doctor Brooke was pulling on his gloves in the hall, his guest came running out to him with a question:

"I say, Brooke, have you ever heard of anyone called Tom Boilman?"

"Most certainly," Doctor Brooke replied. "He was quite a well-known personage here."

"The deuce he was!" the other cried. "Who was he?"

"By one account," said Doctor Brooke, "he was a small shopkeeper. Other people say he was merely a laborer. He came into infamy about the time of the Monmouth rebellion, in which apparently he was involved. You know, of course, that Jeffreys spent two characteristic days in Bled-easter. Kirke and his lambs were here too, and between them they dispatched nearly a hundred people of this town to a better world or the plantations—to say nothing of others from the country round about. The gallows was in the market-place, near the cross, where your farmer friend died; and Kirke and his officers sat in the window of one of the houses there and drank bumpers as the poor fellows were turned off. And there were great tubs of pitch in which they seethed the limbs of the victims after they had been drawn and quartered. Life was a cheery business in those days. . . . Well, this Tom Boilman—I don't think his real name is known—came before the court quite early in the proceedings. He seems to have been absolutely paralyzed with terror. That was not unusual when Jeffreys was on the bench: you can hear stories in the town to this day of how he looked and spoke, how he laughed and ranted and cursed, and how he used to lean forward, with his wig falling all round his wicked face, and simply hypnotize the prisoners and witnesses by the glare of his eyes. I can assure you he is not forgotten

in Bledcaster. . . . This poor devil of a shopkeeper, or whatever he was, was so mad with fright that to save his life he undertook to work one of the caldrons of pitch, and boil the legs and arms of his own friends. A pretty story, what . . . ? It was the last piece of work he ever did here. No one would speak to him afterwards: people got out of his way in the street, and his life wasn't safe. The very children called him Tom Boilman. . . . Eventually he disappeared. By
The Cornhill Magazine.

one account he was blasted by lightning, but the more probable story is that he simply ran away to some place where he would not be known. Quite a crop of legends grew up about him, and he has even made his way into authorized history. You'll find something about him in Macaulay. . . . Well, I must be going. See you at lunch. . . ."

Doctor Causton returned to his breakfast in a thoughtful mood.

Douglas G. Browne.

SNIFE.

Dr. Erasmus Fisher, who always had an observant etymological eye, pointed out that all the words beginning in "sn" had an unpleasant and mean significance. He quoted snub, sneak, snigger, snake, and several more in support—look them up in any dictionary if you want to see the list. He went on to argue that the primitive man evidently found some sound or sounds which might be represented as beginning with these two letters naturally suggestive of sentiments of disgust. Were it not so they would not be so generally the initials of words carrying this association. And then it occurred to somebody to ask the erudite doctor which of all the birds that the human palate finds to be good he greeted with the warmest welcome at the dinner-table. The doctor readily and unsuspectingly replied "Snipe" and before he perceived whither he had been led his interlocutor snapped him with yet another "sn" word—"Snared!"

It was never easy to catch up the Doctor in any verbal noose. He began instantly to wriggle and fight. He declined altogether to admit himself entrapped. The snipe, he re-affirmed, was a succulent morsel for

the gross use and appetite of the gourmand—so, too, was the snail. That circumstance did not invest the one creature or the other with dignity, nor redeem them from the common stigma attached to words beginning with "sn." The snipe, on the contrary, was the emblem of much that was mean in human qualities and aspect. He had known a boy at school who had the nickname of "Snipe" because his facial angle was shrewdly (like a shrew mouse or a snipe) acute—the very contrary of all that is classical in features—and the derivative "snipy" applied to human character indicated a man of tortuous shifts and glidings; one who "could not go straight." Thus the Doctor, somewhat snipe-like, it has to be admitted, in his evasions, managed, or deemed that he managed, to fly out of the snare scot-free. He concluded the argument on a note of triumph which expressed that conviction. So, having gained a dialectical victory, his sense of justice, always latent under his whimsies, claimed its right, and he admitted that, considered as a bird, and not as a human emblem or totem, the snipe was singularly graceful of form, beautiful of plumage,

and interesting of habit. The snipe, as he rises at our approach, and twists, in his own characteristic manner, away from us, is a sober-hued bird enough to the casual glance which we are thus able to take of him, but when we have achieved the considerable feat of shooting him, and have him in hand for closer inspection, it is seen that the tints are variegated and beautifully blended; moreover, that there is a tendency towards a certain definite pattern or arrangement of yellow and of purplish dark stripes longitudinally upon the back. Possibly it might be rash and might involve discussion carrying us back some way towards the original conception, or misconception, of Nature's plans if we were to attempt to infer special design in these stripes, but their effect is so manifest and so adequate that it is difficult not to draw the conclusion that it is all part and parcel of the great evolutionary scheme. The habit of the snipe is both to rest and to nest in rather open places. It will often choose, it is true, such shelter for its nest as a tuft of grass or tussock of heather may furnish, but as compared with the woodland and bush-loving birds we have to rate it a frequenter of the open. It lies, and it sits on its four eggs, in a treeless, rushy, marshy country. That is a fair description of its normal habitat. It sits there, head to wind—for this is the pose which a bird naturally assumes, seeing that it cannot be comfortable to sit with a wind coming from behind and blowing all your feathers over your head—and the wind combs the yellow grassblades over and about it. The effect may be understood. These yellow and dark bands along the little bird's back make a match almost perfect with the stripy look of a patch of tufty grass, of which the yellow blades are laid nearly horizontal by the breeze, while the spaces between

correspond as nicely with the snipe's bands of purple as the grass itself with the yellow. Lying thus, the little bird is scarcely to be discerned from its surroundings, and so it may sit close and safe not only from the relatively dull eye of man, but from the far keener vision of birds of prey questing over all that region in which it nests. For often the nest is in just that wild kind of country that the birds of prey affect. It is the country that those most assiduous of hunters, the Montagu's harriers, search out very closely, if any of that fine but decreasing species are in the neighborhood. Should you be in the luck to find them in the nesting-time you may see the magnificent gray-plumaged male quartering the ground in leisurely and apparently quite untiring flight all the day long, as it must seem to you. It appears impossible to imagine the most clever at taking covert even of the insects escaping such eager scrutiny as that of the hawk, whose wings almost sweep the herbage, so low and closely over it will he fly. Yet in just such a region you may find the snipe nesting, and bringing off a fair proportion, at all events, of their young brood scathless, evading the eagle eye. Almost certainly it is this arrangement of the longitudinal bands which saves their lives again and again when the gray-winged death comes swooping over their heads. They have learned, too, to lay eggs of color much like that of their feathers, though with quite different arrangement, being blotched instead of banded. But then it is hardly possible to imagine four eggs, which is the snipe's usual number, disposed either in two parallel lines, or in one long one, and still for mother snipe to be able to brood them all at once. As a matter of fact, she, like other birds, leaves her eggs carelessly in the nest, with no symmetry, until the time comes for

her to sit on them; then she disposes of them with all the smaller ends together, in the center, radiating outwards. Obviously it is not possible that if the colors were arranged in parallel lines on each egg, the lines on all the eggs should be parallel when the eggs themselves were thus placed, or even were in any disposition that would permit the little mother to sit on all of them at once, grouped together. The lines of the one would be at all sorts of sharp angles to those of the next, and the whole would make a criss-cross pattern quite unlike the uniform lie of the grassblades smoothed back by the breeze. One does well to speak of the brooding bird as the "little mother," for little she is, not only in actual size, but especially in relation to that of the eggs which she lays and hatches. Nearly always, as it seems, she hatches three, and the fourth is a failure. We may speculate whether the reason is that her small body is scarcely adequate to supply cover and warmth to the total of the relatively immense four. But the baby snipe almost as soon as hatched are able to run about after their mother, already with an inheritance of acquired wisdom in an instinct which bids them seek hiding the moment danger threatens, and it seems to be a tolerably constant rule that birds whose young have thus to look in some measure to their own safety from the first moment that they come into the world should lay eggs that are enormous in comparison with their

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own size. It is as if the embryo within needed nourishment to feed it up to this degree of wisdom and muscular strength far in excess of that which is required by the avine babies which come from the shell as naked and helpless as if they were no better than new-born men or women.

Etymologically, our snipe, with its initials so reprehended by Doctor Fisher, appears to be derived from Icelandic *snipa* and old Danish *sneppe*, which mean, being literally translated, a "snapper" or "snipper." It is all associated with "snebbe," which is a bird's beak. Now as for the beak, it is evident that so long-billed a little bird may very well take its name from that most salient feature, but as for any connection with snapping or snipping, it is a misnomer altogether, for, so far from the bird having any such habit, its curious and distinctive way is, rather, to go along with head depressed and beak nearly horizontal, scooping, rather than snapping, on the surface of the soft ooze. Nor is that *snebbe* or bill at all adapted for any such sharp work as snapping, seeing that at the extremity it is very delicate and sensitive, in order, as we suppose, that it may be nervously perceptive of wriggling worm or other insect which it may encounter when probing into the mud. But we do not find it thus when we have the pleasure of meeting our little friend at dinner, for the sensitive bill-extremity quickly hardens after death, when it can be of no further use to its owner.

Horace Hutchinson.

ON GOING A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

An unhappy result of the discouragement of railway travel is that one feels oneself more of a prisoner than one used to do. Very few people are so desperately devoted to London,

or to any big city, that they never want to get out of it. Socrates, they say, loved Athens so excessively that he hated the sight of trees as something un-Athenian. But then Athens

was merely the perfection of a seaside village. It was no monstrous growth devouring hill and plain and river such as the London which Cobbett sneered at as "the wen." If London seemed abominable to Cobbett a hundred years ago, how vastly more abominable it would have seemed to him today! Then he could escape from it on horse-back. He could escape from it even on foot. He had only to go as far as Hampstead to see spread out before him the old world of the fields. Even now one gets a prospect of fields from Hampstead, but fields how changed! They are fields enslaved, fields at the mercy of the auctioneer's hammer, less fields than building-plots. Everywhere one looks are the red villa and the red terrace, like outposts of the swarm of London. London, indeed, has settled upon the country, eating up every green thing as thoroughly as any swarm of locusts could do. No, not quite so thoroughly. London has marked off a number of green spaces as exempt from the general devastation. She has railed off a few parks and chased the builders away from a few commons, and so has preserved here and there a microcosm of the country in which we may play at the lives of our ancestors by pool and tree. There it is that men ride and fish and swim in forgetfulness of the streets. Had Cobbett been living today and owned a horse, he would probably have ridden no further than Rotten Row in his protest against London. Or he would have sold his horse and bought a motor-bicycle. He could hardly have endured the slow plodding of a horse along miles of suburban streets as a first chapter of his escape out of London into England.

It is on railway trains that most of us in modern times have periodically escaped from London. The feeling that such a means of escape was always

there did much to prevent us from sinking into the depression of an internment camp. We knew at least that the gates were not closed. Hills and the sea were not out of bounds. One could leave one's citizenship a hundred years behind one for half-a-crown. The railway station was the opening of a picture-book. Not that it looked like a picture-book. On the contrary, it was usually built in a part of the town that had the air of an immense prison-yard without its orderliness. But it was at any rate the place of our gaol-delivery from citizenship, and as a consequence lay under the charm of a benediction. Because of this one accepted the discomforts of the place almost philosophically. One even refrained from murdering the passenger who thrust his face into the little window of the booking-office and held up the queue while he asked questions or argued about his change. We have often wondered at the flustered pugnacity of human beings in railway stations. There is a very large proportion of them who get strangely excited about their tickets, their luggage, their platform, their seats on the train, and indeed upon whom the peace of security does not fall until the train begins to move out of the station. They move like trapped creatures as though they suspected there was a conspiracy not to let them get away. They have a timid, combative look as they push forward in the queue for their tickets. They can hardly buy a paper at the bookstall without excitement. When the train arrives they scramble in at the carriage doors with a grim air of "Devil take the hindmost." Then they begin to bestow their baggage in the heights and hollows of the carriage. They threaten one's head with a huge bag perilously perched in the rack above it, and other bags, boxes and baskets are pushed with the mitigation of an

apology among their neighbors' discomfortable legs. One cannot conceive anything less like a prelude to rural peace than the first stage of a journey as a third-class passenger on a crowded train. And yet, if one succeeds in getting a seat, one has at least the bliss of expectation as the train moves out from the platform. Even the vista of gloomy walls and arches along which the train at first passes has no depression for the imagination. This is followed for a mile or two by the melancholy backs of houses—houses acquainted with smoke—and gradually the back yards of houses give place to little back gardens, all disreputable with the washing of the poor. Whatever may be said in favor of the country as seen from the train, there is almost nothing to be said in favor of a great city seen from a train. Never does a city look a greater slattern. The very ropes on which the washing is hung are begrimed. The washing itself looks odious, as though it were a symbol of untidiness instead of cleanliness. One is never quite so convinced of the unutterable ugliness of towns as when one sees from a train a district of little yards and gardens hung with the flapping bunting of washerwomen. It is something hidden from common eyes. In the streets even the meanest houses attempt to confront the world with a dull dignity. Here everything is like a dress unbuttoned down the back. One feels sorry for the depressed-looking hens that have to scratch a living in surroundings so suggestive of dearth and drabness. The eye turns with relief even to the great red gasometers which are so common a feature of the railwayside landscape. All the gas works of England, we fancy, must be visible from trains. They all look the same. The only difference between one and another of them is a temporary difference of elevation. It is

reported on indisputable authority that these great boilers, sightless and soulless though they are, have nevertheless the gift of motion. Yet who has ever seen one rise or fall?

It is seldom many minutes, however, before the world of back yards and gas works and chimneys begins to give place to intervals of green. A shabby green begins to appear on the railway embankments, and shabby fields now separate the line from rows of workmen's dwellings. Old horses, horses too old to run away, horses that one would never see in the real country, crop the discolored grass. In winter they have a hungry and unshorn look. They are heavy-spirited as asses. Then come fields derelict and under floods, with the mark of the plough on scarcely any of them. One would imagine that the chief industry of English farmers was the advertisement of lung tonics and liver pills. But one soon learns to make allowances for the medicinal notice boards that salute one all along the way. One ceases almost to be aware of them except those that tell how many miles one is from London. The country has opened out by now. One begins to breathe freely, unless an old gentleman with a cough has insisted on shutting the window. The telegraph wires begin to swing up and down as they did when one was a child. One remembers how one used to sit and puzzle one's head over the mystery of those long waves of black lines that would be suddenly interrupted, as if with a click, at every pole. One feels oneself superior to the child and begins to think out an explanation of the mystery, and one is startled to find that one has to give it up unexplained. This rather shocks one, for one cannot now take the same prolonged pleasure in watching the strange up-and-down of the wires, like the sea seen through a porthole on a stormy day. One feels that

something has been lost beyond recovery. One listens to hear whether the wheels make a pleasant sound as they used to do. When one was young the wheels moved with the rhythm of hexameters. They no longer do so. One misses those pleasant dactyls. The roar of the modern train may betoken greater swiftness, but one pines for the old melody of the wheels so monotonous and so lulling.

Luckily, one has still some capacity for excitement, as one learns, say, when the train passes Westbury. One would not for anything miss the immense figure of the white horse cut into the hillside. There is a satisfaction in seeing once more such an ancient landmark. One feels that one is a traveler again. And who can come within sight of the sea without a brightening of expectation? Who can remember the book on his knee as the train passes a long beach with the little waves throwing themselves on it in white multitudes out of the immense blue of a windy sea? There is no peace for the traveler any more while the train is anywhere near the coast. He is on the lookout now for every bay that flashes for an instant in the distance, a mirror shining between headlands. He feels that the very earth is richer for such neighborhood. The crows sail with a larger beat of the wing over the ploughed fields. The brown soil upturned to the sun gleams like a thing awakened. The trees rejoice in the bareness of winter as they did in the burden of summer and in the fires of autumn. One no longer resents the little towns by the way. They have now the welcome of romance. They are associated with liberty and wonder. One has entered by this time into the illusion of a new world.

All the same, there are few people except children who enjoy a railway

journey absolutely without relation to the end of the journey. No one would dream of inviting a friend to a ride on a railway train for pleasure as he would to a ride on a motor-car. Nearly all the pleasure of a railway journey is the pleasure of anticipation—the anticipation of hilly roads between high hedges, of the smell of the fields, of the silent winter robin that accompanies one from thorn-bush to thorn-bush, of horses steaming and tense as they drag the plough across a sloping field, of the exhilaration of climbing to a height and seeing the world, of horizons changeable as one's moods, of solitude with a lonely seagull hovering inquiringly over one in the wind, of the sea booming into the caves of the rocks, of new and simple faces weather-marked and friendly. Horace warned the men of his day that it was change of heart and not change of place that they needed, and that black care would dog them in their travels as in their homes; and Emerson and other moralists have repeated the lesson for nearly two thousand years. But it is not quite true. To pass from the obsession of politics and money-making and cities into the atmosphere of the old world that existed before the European War, as it existed before Julius Cæsar and will continue to exist after Mr. Lloyd George, is to repair in a measure one's sense of proportion and to recover a certain fleeting peace in the presence of permanent things. The philosopher may be able to escape from the temporary to the permanent in a study, but most of us love the countenance of change and must be forced by novelty of surroundings into seeing the world with a fresh eye.

Not that we wish to exaggerate the results of railway travel. One is surprised that the results have not been far greater. One would have hoped that the steamboat and railway

train would make the world one place to a degree that they have not yet succeeded in doing. The truth is, the modern hotel has done much to defeat the virtue of travel, and the tourist agencies have done more. They aim at enabling a man, not to mingle freely with a strange nation, but to regard it as a spectacle in a theatre seen from a comfortable place as separate from it as one's own home is. The steam engine, like the printing press, can do nothing for the incurious and idle. At the same time, in spite of the incurious millions of travelers and readers, we cannot help believing that the democratization of travel, like the democratization of literature, has already done much to stir the general intelligence and to supplant prejudices and stupidities with sym-

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pathies. We may deplore the loss of a picturesqueness here and a queer interesting local life somewhere else. But we are needlessly pessimistic if we think that railways and steamships are reducing the world to one vast commonness. To put sympathies in the place of antipathies is to diminish commonness, not to extend it, and life, we may be sure, will continue to create beautiful forms while an honest man survives on the planet. Nor do we fear the dead hand of cosmopolitanism. Cosmopolitanism in the bad sense is impossible, we fancy, until the climate of the world becomes uniform. . . . No, no; we bless the railway train with both hands. We realize what a blessed thing it is now that our right to travel has been suddenly questioned.

THE FATE OF UMBRELLAS.

No. I.

*From Arthur Vivian, Bury Street,
St. James's, to Mrs. Morton,
Dockington Hall, Bucks.*

Dear Mrs. Morton,—Just a line to thank you very sincerely for my delightful visit. It was like old times to see you all gathered together in hospitable Dockington and to find that the War, terrible as it is, has not altogether abolished pleasant human intercourse in England, in spite of what the Dean said. But then Deans are privileged persons.

I am sorry to say, by the way, that in the hurry of departure this morning I took away the wrong umbrella and left my own. I am sending back the changeling with all proper apologies. Would you mind sending me mine? It has a crook handle (cane) and a plain silver band with my initials

engraved on it. Please give my love to Harry and the children.

Yours always sincerely,
Arthur Vivian.

No. II.

From the Dean of Marchester to Mrs. Morton.

Dear Mrs. Morton,—I desire to thank you for three most agreeable days spent in congenial company. You have indeed mastered the secret of making your guests feel at home, and Dockington even in war-time is still Dockington. Pray give my warm regards to Mr. Morton and remember me suitably to the dear children. I wish they wouldn't keep on growing up as they do; childhood is so delightful.

I find to my great regret that by some inexplicable mistake I took away with me an umbrella that is not mine. I am sending it back to you, and shall

be deeply beholden to you if you will pack up and send to me the one I left. It is an old one, recognizable by its cane handle (crook) and an india-rubber ring round the shaft. Pray accept my apologies for the trouble I am giving you.

Yours very sincerely,
Charles Meldew.

No. III.

From Brigadier-General Barton to his Sister, Mrs. Morton.

Dear Mary,—You gave me a capital time. There's a slight difference between Dockington and the trenches. I'm not as a rule a great performer with clergymen, but I liked your Dean. By the way, when I dashed off your man put somebody else's umbrella in with me, instead of my own, which is a natty specimen. The one I've got is an old gamp with a stout indiarubber ring to it. I haven't time to send it back. Every moment is taken up, as I cross to France tonight. Besides, how can you pack such a thing as an umbrella? It's much too long. Keep mine till we meet again. Best love to Harry and the kids.

Ever yours,
Tom.

No. IV.

From Arthur Vivian to Mrs. Morton.

Dear Mrs. Morton—I wired you this morning asking you to do nothing about my umbrella. The fact is I have found it at my rooms, and I am forced to the conclusion that I never took it with me to Dockington at all. I am awfully sorry to have given you all this trouble. It shall be a lesson to me never to take my umbrella

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anywhere, or rather never to think I've taken it, when, as a matter of fact, I haven't.

Yours always sincerely,
Arthur Vivian.

No. V.

Telegram from Mrs. Morton to Arthur Vivian.

Too late. Sent off somebody's umbrella to you yesterday. Please return it to me.

No. VI.

From Mrs. Morton to her Sister, Lady Compton.

... We had a few friends at Dockington last week, not a real party, but just a few old shoes—Tom, Arthur Vivian and the Dean of Marchester and Mrs. Dean. Since they went away I've had the most awful time with their umbrellas. They all took away with them the wrong ones, and then wrote to me to send them their right ones. Arthur Vivian never brought one, and whose he took away I can't say. In fact I've been exposed to an avalanche of returning umbrellas, and Parkins has spent all his time in doing up the absurd things and posting them. He has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, and these umbrellas have ruined what's left of his temper. Umbrellas still keep pouring in, and nobody ever seems by any chance to get the right one. It's the most discouraging thing I've ever been involved in. As far as I can make out the Dean's umbrella is now in the trenches with Tom. If ever I have a party at Dockington again I shall write, "No umbrellas by request," on the invitations.

A CONSTITUTION ON TRIAL.

Recent events show the American Constitution in an unfavorable light.

The Republic was facing a crisis of war or peace with Great Powers;

that is (since the risks in every such case are unlimited), a crisis of life and death. Clear decision and prompt action are the requisites of national safety; and neither the people of the United States nor its Executive were in any doubt as to what the decision and action should be. Nevertheless they were paralyzed, because the concurrence of the Senate is required, and that body is unequipped with any means of overcoming the obstructive opposition of 11 out of its 96 members. In the 128th year of government under the Constitution, at the commencement of the thirty-third Presidential term, this elementary difficulty presented itself.

The incident suggests afresh how peculiar the fortune of the United States has been in the past, what a rare immunity it has derived from its geographical isolation, how singularly it has been spared the testing shocks to which European systems are constantly liable. No great State on this side of the Atlantic could have gone for a fraction of that period with such a handicap undiscovered. Events would have compelled it long ago either to break its chain, or itself (as Poland was) to be broken. In Europe every democratic Constitution, like every other Constitution, has had first and foremost to answer the question—Does it provide for an executive capable of taking sudden and decisive international action in crises of swift national emergency? Judged by their records in the present war, the democratic Constitutions, whether of Great Britain or of France, of Italy or of Belgium, pass the test satisfactorily. Each of these countries was confronted with a different situation; in each case it was met as promptly as the circumstances required; and in each case, one may add, the decision carried out by the Government was not only the wise and right one, but one which the

sense of the people ratified and ratifies still. The contrast which the working of their constitutions presents to the recent working of the American Constitution is almost wholly adverse to the latter.

The episode cuts deep, because although the particular flaw disclosed (the inadequacy of the Senate's procedure) could be remedied separately without touching any of the constitutional features which make it of importance, yet its non-disclosure hitherto shows that those features had never been sufficiently tested. The features in question are those which subject the President's direction of foreign affairs, not merely to the general, but to the specific, control of Congress—the rule whereby Congress and not the President declares war, and the rule whereby the President can make no treaty without the consent of a two-thirds majority of the Senate. It was these rules which gave importance to the Senate's failure to pass Mr. Wilson's Bill. The Bill itself did not matter so much; the weight of legal opinion seems on the side of the view that the President's powers were sufficient without it; but what was needed was a demonstration that Mr. Wilson could go ahead and act, sure of endorsement by the "advice and consent of the Senate." This control of the American Senate over the details of foreign policy has had its admirers in this country. We do not propose to discuss its merits and demerits beyond observing that it is not a feature standing by itself; that the Executive's dependence on the Legislature for specific acts like the declaration of war and ratification of treaties has to be considered along with his independence of any more general control by it or responsibility to it; and that the contrast between the American and British systems is not one between

responsibility and irresponsibility so much as between a system where the Legislature has small powers of general control with large powers of special interference, and a system where it has large powers of general control and small powers of special interference. What we wish rather to emphasize is that, good or bad, the American system has never been tested, as we Europeans understand testing. Like the amazing system of American national finance, under which the United States goes on from year to year without anything corresponding to the annual Budget familiar in every European country, it has been undisturbed by shocks, because there were scarcely any shocks to disturb it. America has had, as Lord Bryce put it, "the privilege of committing errors without suffering from their consequences."

This privilege is already passing away from her. As Mr. Wilson's second inaugural recognizes, the widening of the world's circle has brought the United States within it. The old isolation is irrevocably doomed. The phrase-catchers and tradition-mongers of American public life, the scribes of journalism and the Pharisees of politics, cling to it desperately but cannot save it. In the future the United States will have to rub shoulders with the other Great Powers, as the Powers of Europe have for centuries rubbed shoulders with each other. Can it be done satisfactorily without modifying a good deal more than the Senate's procedure rules? Can the American Constitution be left unchanged? The matter is one which Americans must decide, and which they seem unlikely to decide this year or next. Yet it is not one which can wait forever. To take an immediate and clamant example, America's participation in any peace-keeping League of Nations is made very difficult, if not impossible,

by the Constitution as it stands. One of the fundamentals of such a League is that all the members of it should be pledged in certain contingencies to make war. But how can the American Government pledge itself in advance, when the declaration of war in every case as it arises rests with the Congress of the moment—a Congress whose decision nobody else can predict, nor is entitled in any way to bind beforehand?

The fiasco of March 3d will not have been without compensations, if it helps to bring round American attention to these points. But in itself it is serious enough, as all losses of time in war are. There seem to be still a majority of Americans who fancy that there is a sort of absolute safety in delay; that nothing, at any rate, can be lost by it; that it is open to them to make war in their own time at their own convenience. If so, they have in Germany an adversary as sure as any to teach them their mistake. We may be perfectly certain that whoever else has procrastinated in the last two months she has not; that every moment has been utilized by her military and naval authorities; and that the Zimmermann-Mexico disclosure only lifts the curtain upon one tiny corner of a vast perspective of preparations. Very likely Mr. Wilson's War and Navy Secretaries would rejoin that they, too, have been preparing—that, indeed, the delays since February 1st have been indispensable to them for that purpose. History will hardly accept the excuse. It will say that everything which they have done since February 1st, and more besides, ought to have been done in the two years preceding February 1st, since the need for it was always likely to arise at any moment; and it may add that in that case not only might Germany have refrained from bringing America in, but if she had been brought in, her

intervention would have been swiftly decisive, and have accelerated the ending of the war, to her own and the world's advantage. Whether it will accelerate it now is doubtful, though
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if American support of the Allies takes a substantial and practical form, it may do much to guarantee them against any new delays resulting from unforeseen losses or misfortunes.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

BY L. MARCH PHILLIPPS.*

I met the other day a thoughtful and clever American—an idealist, as so many Americans are—whose talk differed from English talk in the same way that President Wilson's speeches differ from English speeches. He was, I say, an idealist. His face lighted up and his eyes shone as he expatiated on the grandeur of a crisis which was to establish liberty once for all as Europe's unifying and abiding motive. He spoke forcibly and well, touching on the expansion of liberty from a nation to an imperial ideal until it finally in this War for the first time developed into the motive of an international alliance. He finished what one might call his oration—for he had the whole table to himself—by telling us a little about liberty itself: about its meaning, its possibilities, the capacity latent in it of a growth and progress quite without limits, and what, according to his estimation, it was going to make of the world.

Meantime the rest of the company, Englishmen all, sat silent. They glanced at the orator occasionally with an air of polite indifference and slight bewilderment, but the subdued clinking of their knives and forks was the only audible comment on his sentiments. At last one of them made some remark on King Constantine and the dangers of Sarrail's army, and very soon the conversation became general. I could not but smile to

observe that, as these matters of fact resumed the ascendant, the same expression of bewilderment which had appeared on the faces of the English spread to the American, and it was now his turn to lapse into silence.

The scene, I have since thought, was typical both of English strength and English weakness. We are a practical people and war is, above all, a practical business, an affair of action. At such times, more often than at others even, we are apt to be impatient of the abstract and the ideal. If things go wrong, it is wholly in the sphere of action that we look for a remedy. It is the outward energy of the act that must save us. It never occurs to us that action is merely thought exerting itself, and that, as the strength of weakness of the thought is, so in the long run is the strength or weakness of the act. Nor does it occur to us how especially true this is of struggles in which the resources of whole nations are involved. Such struggles are entirely governed by the ideals which inspire them. State the ideal for which each side fights and, weighing one against the other, you shall name the victor. The reason is obvious. The motive that is highest, that is of most value to humanity, and which the future intends to make its own, is the motive which can inspire the greatest sacrifice. It is worth more; therefore, people will give more for it—therefore, in the long run it triumphs.

Thus does truth prevail. Unthoughtful people look to the outward

*This article was written shortly before the lamented death of the author.

energy which characterizes great national movements, but thoughtful people look for the cause of that energy and find it in the conviction of a populace inspired by a lofty and common purpose. Unthoughtful people cry "Oh, for a Napoleon!" But thoughtful people are well aware that no Napoleon could operate, or even exist, apart from the thrilling inspiration of the great outburst of liberal ideas which a century ago burst through France upon the despotisms of Europe. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* were the thunderbolts in France's hand. The armies of the Revolution were missionary armies. They had an idea to propagate the inestimable value of which made them irresistible. It was only as that inspiration failed that their fighting capacity ebbed with it.

As practical people, then, who desire concrete results, let us bear the ideal in mind. Let us bear it in mind for its practical effects. As a smith, working at the forge, with one hand heaps and applies the red-hot coals, while with the other he raises and depresses the lever of the great bellows which nourish the glow of the fire, so should we prosecute our military action, yet not forget that it is the spirit of conviction in the nation which breathes into that action its irresistible energy and ardor.

Something yet is necessary to us. I shall be told that people and armies alike are equally stubborn in their resolution. Yes, I answer, the nation is stubborn. Stubbornness belongs to the inarticulate, instinctive predilection of the British for the ideal of liberty which they have always been loyal to but have never realized. But the truth is that stubbornness, like the mentality it represents, is of too negative, too lethargic a nature to be effective of itself. Unless the determination to go on be inspired by

inward intelligence, we may find it in the long run impossible to go on. Thwarted by a superior and swifter strategy we may, without the power to help ourselves, lapse into inertia.

Stubbornness alone is not enough. There needs something else. There needs the incentive of that spiritual and intellectual ardor which, springing from the recognition of one supreme ideal, fuses a nation into a single entity and transforms its armed strength into the irresistible instrument of its will. My thoughts revert again to those wonderful French armies of the early Revolution, those citizen armies, led by the sons of butchers and publicans and hairdressers, whose extraordinary daring and rapidity of movement were a revelation in the art of war. No, I am not suggesting that Mr. Truefitt should be substituted for Sir Douglas Haig; but I would direct attention to a factor which we are too apt to ignore, to the power of a common ideal as it was held in those early years by the French armies and the French nation. This it is which transforms mere stubbornness into the spirit of victory.

We are fighting for that same ideal today, and, if we willed it, might be infusing into all we do, into our fighting and munition making and every national act, the supreme energy derived from that source. We might be doing this, but we are not doing it. The ideal we fight for is not acting upon us as a nation as it acted upon France. It is not consciously felt. It is not effectively appealed to. We are fighting for liberty: then what, in Heaven's name is liberty? What has it done for us, or what will it do for us, or of what essential worth is it to humanity that we should be called upon to bleed and die for it? No one seems to think it worth while to answer these questions, or finds it strange that the reason for our fighting

should be kept in the background as if it were something to be ashamed of. No one guesses the weakness that this is to us, or what we cut ourselves off from. We have no eye for what springs out of the mind and soul of a nation. Act energetically, bustle about, drill the men and turn out the munitions; but the reason, the why, the inspiring motive of it all—that, apparently, is a matter of no consequence.

But whether we choose to admit it or not, that is a matter of consequence, and of supreme consequence. Our strength in the long run is the strength of our ideal. If we enter into the nature and meaning of liberty, and identify ourselves with her so that she accepts us as her champions and

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representatives in the struggle, then we shall put on her strength, and the great moral principle which most assuredly will one day rule the world will triumph now and through us. Here, indeed, is our great advantage over our enemy: that our ideal is proved by the whole course of history and the aspirations of the masses of the people the world over to be the goal which time itself is aiming at. But, on the other hand, if we rely wholly, as we seem inclined to rely, on outward action and strategy, then we shall be meeting the enemy on his own ground where, to say the least of it, we have no advantage over him at all, and where the contest may be indefinitely prolonged and perhaps indecisive.

THE REPORT OF THE DARDANELLES COMMISSION.

The nation has the best reasons for cherishing gratitude towards the memory of the late Earl of Cromer and to his fellow-Commissioners for the concise, lucid, and judicial Report dealing with the origins of the Dardanelles Expedition. It is a State paper of the highest importance; inasmuch as it vividly reveals not only the causes which produced failure in the particular military enterprise under consideration, but defines the faults which will infallibly prevent success in any enterprise whatsoever. The Commissioners have much to say concerning the system under which the war was conducted; but they have rightly gone behind the system to the men who were working it, some of whom were responsible for the manufacture of the system itself. But defective as the conditions were, it is nevertheless true that they did not in themselves necessarily involve disaster. The real origin of failure must be sought in the

character of the persons concerned in the affair. The principal actors were the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the First Sea Lord. Of these, two were civilians, one was a soldier, and one was a sailor. Together with these were professional advisers of the Government, such as Sir Arthur Wilson, Sir Henry Oliver, Sir Henry Jackson, and Lieutenant-General Sir James Wolfe Murray; and those Cabinet Ministers who were members of the War Council: Mr. Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, and the Marquess of Crewe; and (occasionally) Mr. Balfour and Viscount Haldane. But the Commissioners hold that the main responsibility for the conduct of the war devolved upon Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Winston Churchill. Lord Fisher, then First Sea Lord, is not, in the view of the Commissioners, technically speaking, responsible in the same degree as the

three Ministers; because, and only because, his views were theoretically represented by the First Lord, Mr. Churchill; although in fact they were not so represented.

The Prime Minister was President of the War Council, and as such directed its deliberations. It appears from the Report that Mr. Asquith laid down no rules of procedure to be followed by the War Council, whose proceedings were so wholly informal that upon occasions when the most critical issues had been discussed some of its members were not sure whether or not any decision had been reached, and the rest were uncertain what the decision was. The expert members of the Council were not asked to give their opinion. There was a vague understanding to the effect that if Lord Kitchener or Lord Fisher held their peace their silence was to be regarded as acquiescence in the views put forward. It would have been a perfectly justifiable understanding were it not for the unfortunate impression owned by the experts that it was not their duty to speak unless they were asked to speak. Evidently the Prime Minister was perfectly content to accept the situation without defining it; and it seems that until it was exposed by the questions of Lord Cromer and of his colleagues the other members of the War Council had no idea that the experts were merely waiting to be asked before they gave their opinion; an opinion, let it be marked, which provided the only means of rightly estimating any proposal involving naval and military operations. Mr. Asquith informed the Commission that, "I should have expected any of the experts there, if they entertained a strong personal view on their own expert authority, to express it." But he did not ask any of them to express it. One knows not which to admire the

most; the imperturbable indifference of the Prime Minister, who could not take the trouble to ask a question upon whose answer the lives of thousands depended; or the sublime self-effacement of the experts. There are two eminent officers in question. One is the late Lord Kitchener. Of that great soldier it is enough to say that when he took up the duties of Secretary of State for War he was introduced to a tribe whose ways were new to him: the tribe of politicians. The other expert is in a very different case. Lord Fisher had dealt with politicians all his life, and had always contrived to work harmoniously with Ministers of the most diverse views. He was quite able to hold his own with the most practised sophist of them all. But during the discussions concerning the project for attacking the Dardanelles the War Council remained ignorant of Lord Fisher's views on the matter. The enterprise had been considered incidentally before the 2d January, 1915, when an appeal was made by the Russian Government which brought the question into immediate prominence.

Lord Kitchener at once recognized the importance of making a demonstration against the Turks which would serve to relieve Russia, but he did not consider that he could spare the land force required. Then Mr. Churchill proposed to attack the Dardanelles with the Navy alone. Lord Kitchener, it seems, thought the suggestion worth trying. At this point the evidence becomes somewhat intricate. Broadly speaking, Mr. Churchill assumed the control of the affair. He dilated in the War Council upon the extraordinary potency of modern naval guns, adducing the false analogy of land howitzer fire. It was a mistake natural enough in a civilian; but it was not corrected by Lord Fisher. Either the First Sea

Lord himself was ignorant of modern naval gunnery or he allowed Mr. Churchill and the War Council to be misled. Mr. Churchill proceeded to telegraph direct to Admiral Carden, the Officer Commanding in the Mediterranean, leading Admiral Carden to believe that the First Sea Lord approved of the project, and asking his opinion. Admiral Carden replied that under certain specified conditions certain operations could be carried into execution. The whole matter was discussed at the meeting of the War Council held on 13th January, 1915, at which "Lord Fisher said nothing." At that meeting the Council decided that the Admiralty was to "prepare for a naval expedition . . ." Mr. Asquith thought that only preparation was intended.

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Mr. Churchill, General Callwell, and Viscount Grey thought the decision meant that the whole enterprise of forcing the Dardanelles was to be actually begun. At the two meetings held on 28th January Mr. Churchill, although he had become aware of the objections to the enterprise entertained both by Lord Fisher and Sir Arthur Wilson, did not ask them to express their views to the Council, but continued strongly to urge the adoption of his proposal. By that time the thing was practically settled. It was settled by a tragical combination of apathy, timidity, and disingenuous reticence, with presumptuous and ignorant energy. The politicians conducted the war, while the professional fighting men stood aside.

OUR DEBT TO THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

The British sea service, the greatest service in the world, is the most economical of praise. An admiral may win a victory that will alter the fate of nations, or, like Hawke, may risk everything in a great swoop on to a dangerous coast, and My Lords "express their approval of the operations." Higher eulogy cannot be extorted, and would probably be resented by the seamen who received it. For at sea work is right or it is very badly wrong, and if it is passed as right, that is enough. It is not only the sea which is a mystery to landsmen, but seamen also to him are mysterious beings. They understand one another, but they prefer that the landsman should remain an outsider. They are masters of the craft by which man first dared the unknown, and their craft had no true rival as an exploring art, until in our own day men conquered the air. Therefore they talk with one another in the

short, blunt sentences of men who know. They never have been politicians, and the sea-lawyer is to them a monstrous compound. But the time has come when the nation should realize and express the gratitude it owes not only to the Royal Navy, but also to the merchant fleet, which is as truly a national service as the Navy itself. Admiral Jellicoe has given measured, deliberate, and complete praise, and the most majestic part of his eulogy was the declaration that the Navy and the Mercantile Marine are in essentials one.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay," was the unforgettable Christmas greeting of H.M.S. "Iron Duke" to people at home. But what would have happened to the merry gentlemen if any of the decadence which German logic deduced from its scientific observation of the British scene in 1914, had appeared in the men who work the

merchant ships? They are the hardest, toughest, quietest, and most determined of all our race; constant work and exposure prevent any modern softness, and poor pay effectually excludes all weakening luxury. But they have had to face tasks and risks in this war which men have never had to endure before, and it is certain that if they had allowed anything to daunt them, if they had preferred a shore job to the even chance of being blown to pieces, the war would have ended in our defeat by starvation. The first German submarine campaign was primarily a test of nerve. If the enemy had succeeded in causing panic, or even hesitation, among British merchant sailors he would have concentrated all his energies on sea piracy and our losses in tonnage by this time would have been enormous. But the British sailor went about his lawful occasions with a calmness and courage that were quite unfeigned; not being a fool he knew the dangers he had to face, but he of all men in the world was not going to be "beat." The sea was his by long inheritance, and all the pirates in the world should not keep him from his own. "There are British mercantile seamen," said Lord Beresford in the Lords, "who have served in two and even three ships that have been blown up, and who, immediately they have reached harbor, have signed on again. That shows the spirit of the service." British nerve did as much as British ingenuity to defeat the first submarine campaign. When we reckon up the services of the Marine we must remember that the Admiralty relied upon it for a very large part of the novel and dangerous work performed by the "fringes of the Fleet." It was called upon to provide officers and crews who had to take over the strangest craft and do sea work by mine-sweeping and submarine hunting as dangerous as the most adventurous

soul could desire. Here they were helped by many gallant gentlemen who had learned much of the sea on their yachts, and many Dons will be able to hang votive tablets in the common rooms of Oxford and Cambridge. Who would have averred before the war that the Elizabethan spirit still lingered in our academic groves? Fortunately the same spirit was strong in all classes. "What King George would have done without his trawlers I don't know," said the Brixham skipper off Gallipoli. If Drake could come to life again he would most easily recruit his crews for another world voyage in a 200-tonner among the fishermen of our coast villages. The village life in the background is not very changed from what it was in Shakespeare's time, and there is the same desire to see the unknown world which sent men voyaging from the England of that day. The sea creates and preserves a marked and distinctive type of strong men, and to the independence and determination of the sea-made men the home-keeping people of Great Britain and Ireland owe their comfort and security.

The Admiralty, as Mr. Churchill told us, decided during the first German submarine campaign that our naval strategy must not be deflected, and that the Merchant Service must rely upon itself. Of course much was done by offensive tactics against the submarines, and as much protection as possible by destroyers was given. But, on the whole, piracy was regarded as the risk, and the job of the Mercantile Marine. "The liner, she's a lady," sang Mr. Kipling years ago, and he pictured the man-of-war as her husband, but the *Lusitania*, at least, was an unprotected female. In previous wars command of the sea by the Fleet meant a very real, though by no means complete, protection to all

merchant ships. In this war our command of the sea may almost be said to have added greater risks to sea-traders, for as the Grand Fleet has blocked all chances of other naval activity the whole effort of the Germans has become submarine. They must have used up a large part of their ordinary naval personnel in the U-boats, and correspondingly weakened their High Sea Fleet. The merchantmen who have had to resist this German concentration have, in many cases, had nothing except their own seamanship to rely upon. It will be remembered that for a long period the Admiralty often added to the notice that a ship had been sunk the phrase "she was unarmed." In fact, many ships were lost in order that we might prove that the Germans were unscrupulous, a fact that did not really require such expensive demonstration. How expensive it was is proved by Lord Curzon's statement that the proportion of armed vessels that escaped was three to one as compared with unarmed vessels. When some defense was given we obeyed for a long time the one-gun rule in order to prove that our merchantmen were only protectively armed. Fortunately all this entangling legalism is now abandoned, and the merchant seaman will at least have the chance of fighting for his life against a treacherous foe. Admiral Bacon declares that the Germans will, in this last stage of the war, receive as great a surprise from our Mercantile Marine as they received from the contemptible little army in the beginning. We sincerely trust that he is right, and we can at least be certain, if nerve, endurance, and skill can save our Merchant Fleet, that fleet will be saved.

When pacifists talk glibly of universal reconciliation after the war they forget that sea-faring men have long memories, and that they are just, but

stern, judges of their fellowmen. Before the war all sailors, whether of the Navy or the Marine, spoke with respect of the Germans and of their qualities at sea. They felt in their bones that some day they would have to fight them, and they measured up their strength and weakness without any illusions. But they did not imagine that men who were proved sailors would ever sink to attack without warning an unarmed ship, and to war upon undefended women and children. Landsmen, who do not actually face it, may become accustomed to German blackguardism, may even extenuate it as the German's only resource, but the seaman will not forget. England has fought many nations at sea, but it has never before fought a nation that has thrown overboard the sea-code of decency and honor. Our seamen will remember German brutalities long after peace with Germany has been signed, and generations will pass before German sailors are welcomed again to the Freemasonry of their craft. Tariff or no tariff there will be a great barrier, raised by German hands, between German trade and British ports. The one signal proof of our victory to remote Asia and Africa, which are as important as Europe to us, will be the ubiquity of the British Merchant flag and the almost complete disappearance of the German. Are we, who know the risks our men have run and the vileness of the attacks upon them, going to throw our ports wide open to the scoundrels? German publicists are still demonstrating the need of more coaling stations for their sea-trade! They will be lucky if they retain one. They have been judged by the men who know the sea.

Admiration and praise and perpetual gratitude are the bare due of the officers and men of the British Merchant Service. Is no more material

reward possible? Mr. Cornford advocates higher pay, pensions, and better ships, and with all these we agree. Of the enormous profits earned by shipowners the skipper and mate and seaman receive very small shares, but they do not complain, and since the war began they have never neglected their duty in order to hold up the owners. Mr. Cornford further argues that the Mercantile Marine should be made a State service, and that shipping should remain under the control, if not the complete ownership, of Government. Here we feel

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that some warning and caution are necessary. Independence is the root virtue of the British seaman, and individual initiative and responsibility have made him the unbeatable man he is. These are the very virtues which flourish under a system of competition and wither under State control. At a time when we have the strongest reasons to be grateful for a system which has proved that, in the most essential class of the nation, it has produced the most valuable of human qualities, we ought to hesitate long before we change.

THE ANCHOR OF DOUBT.

(Communicated.)

"If only we could feel sure of anything!" That is what most of us say to ourselves at least once a day. There is nothing certain—new every morning to every man is this stale and hackneyed truism. We are not sure that we are "acting for the best," that our health will continue, that our money is safe, that our friends will always forgive us, our children always love us, and that we shall go to Heaven—or anywhere else—when we die. These things are among the conditions of life which few people can quite contentedly accept. No argumentation will ever avail to make them altogether acceptable. On the other hand, no intelligent person can think for two minutes on the subject without seeing that certainty on these points might have, as it had in the past, certain disadvantages. A few people do approach to certainty about their own wisdom of action—and up to a point they are admirable as well as enviable. As a rule they do nothing very silly, but they do nothing disinterested either. Selfishness is a wonderful certifier. It is upon their own interest

that most of these well-assured persons fix their eyes, and it is that interest which confuses itself in their minds with wisdom. It is a far better state of mind for the good of society than that of the vacillator, but beyond a point these people never excel morally. They are the moral dullards of the world who make no great failures or successes. The uncertainty of health is a thing which gets temporarily on to the mind of all men or women who have much dependent upon them. In the individual the fact may often cause nervous breakdown. But upon the whole we suppose it is this uncertainty, this goading fear, which makes the middle-aged man and woman the guardians of the generation coming on, and the generation passing away take sufficient care of themselves to see their work accomplished. To turn to the question of fortune, money anxiety makes for wealth there can be no doubt. The man who determines to be, humanly speaking, certain where money is concerned must keep it in a stocking, or train himself to have no wants.

Both actions are, we suppose, equally bad for society.

They are tiresome people who are forever doubting their friends. On the other hand, those who refuse absolutely, as some obstinate people do, to realize that friends can be lost are condemned as a rule to approach the end of life alone. They have spared themselves a good many small sacrifices, worries, and considerations. They have held tightly—the best of them—to a somewhat ridiculous ideal, and are left clinging to it in solitude. “A friend always understands,” they have said to themselves when it occurred to them that they might give offense. Or again they may have put a false value on an infinitesimal matter of principle. “A fair field and no favor,” they have replied to the man who solicited their help on the ground of friendship. Probably they could have done him a good turn without the slightest hurt to anyone else. But no; because he was their friend they thought he ought to understand their scruples, and found to their dismay that while they believed in his friendship, he doubted theirs and began to reckon himself among their acquaintance. Very much the same thing is true between parents and children, and it is true on both sides. Have we not all seen men and women who were amazed and horrified to find that they had in a great measure lost the affection of their sons and daughters? They were not the people who hesitated how to bridge the ugly gulf which always exists between the generations. They never believed it did exist, or that children could doubt the devotion of their parents, or tire of their society, or outgrow their ideas. They were perfectly certain that the natural tie would hold, and when it snapped they were in despair. Affection is far greater from the old to the young than from

the young to the old, but there are strains which even parental affection cannot stand—though children find it hard to believe. Even where the sexes are concerned it does not do to rest assured that the natural sympathy implanted between them by Nature is eternal and not subject to modification. The relations between men and women before the war were strained—because it had all through the Victorian period been regarded as natural, and therefore certain, eternal, and unalterable.

But of all the painful doubts which embitter life none is so painful as the doubt which concerns death. Do we live again? Until lately no one looked for an answer but through faith. All religions which are not mere systems of morality teach that we do; but they teach it as an article of faith, not as a matter of fact. Recently the world has accepted the suggestion for what it is worth that a future life may be some day *proved*. If this ever happens, and a life after death be outside the region of hope as much as tomorrow is outside it, and within the region of certainty as much as next spring is within it, the world will be a very different place. In a sense there can be no denying that it will be a much happier one. But it is conceivable that the end of moral and mental progress might prove to have been reached. Let us say for argument's sake that the next world of which Raymond Lodge is supposed to have spoken were proved to exist—i.e., that we are all on our way to an existence not unlike this one, but much pleasanter, in which the joy of living is greater, the fear of death is gone, and “severed friendships” are “knit up.” It strikes us all as almost too good to be true. But if it were *proved* true, might not the knowledge of it tend to silence conscience? Would it be such a very wrong thing to commit murder and send a man to such a

life as that? It might seem a natural and almost an inevitable thing to commit suicide in serious trouble. The arguments about the desirability of euthanasia would cease. No great effort would be made to cure disease, because mortal disease would never be allowed to make any progress. No great social reforms would be proceeded with—they would not be regarded as worth while. The arts would make little advance. "Art is long and life is long—plenty of time for them," we should say. Suffering and its effects, good and bad, would be immensely diminished, heroism would play a small part in life, and compassion a less one than it does at present. Spiritual things would be real to unspiritual people. That in itself would constitute an infinite change of values. The world would no longer find salvation in faith. Trust in God would not be inextricably connected with more abundant life. The worldly, the sceptical, the cynical would face death with the cheerfulness of the saint. Death would be simply a curative operation without risk to life, if this is not too Irish a way of putting the matter. We should have to readjust our religious ideas. At present cheerful acceptance of the darkness of death is the acme of religious virtue. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Perhaps these words do represent the most heroic attitude of the human soul; certainly they do represent the last word of a good man's "duty towards God." In the present generation it must, however, be admitted that this faith is becoming rarer. More and more men feel that unless they can grasp the idea of a future life more definitely than they now do, they cannot in the old sense of the word trust in God. No sooner do they recognize this mental position than another more fundamental doubt seizes upon them. We mean the

doubt of God's benevolence. Certainty of a better life would set this last aside forever. A few logicians would continue to declare that no happiness in the next world could make up for injustice in this, but they would be few. The heart of man is shut to these theoretic extremists. For his own part, the present writer reverently admits that it is within the power of God so to increase faith without knowledge that Western mankind may once more walk with sufficient calmness through the dark places of life to the darker place of death without any increase of certainty whatever. If precedent is to control our speculations, that is what will happen. But precedent is never a complete argument. It is quite thinkable that it may please a Creator, Who has through all these ages brought the human race to its present degree of sensitiveness to mental suffering, suddenly to relieve it from apprehension. Most men at present regard the hope as futile, and that they should deprecate investigation is therefore natural. What is less comprehensible is that a few should regard it as scientific enough and likely enough to succeed, but in itself essentially wrong and irreligious. But can such an endeavor be irreligious? Not, we think, if there is any truth in Christianity. *Christianity insists that men ought to believe this great thing which a few people are now trying to prove, and its Founder obviously was willing to risk the dangers of a too assured assumption. To admit that it is our duty to preach the good news to every creature and hesitate to try to prove it true is, beyond anything, weak.* On the other hand, it may be said: Did not Christ deprecate the search for signs? This is so; but the signs sought by the crowd in our Lord's day were not of the nature of scientific proofs. They wanted to see miracles—by which they thought

the Teacher they listened to should prove Himself Divine. Magical powers are no true credentials for a teacher, He seems to have implied by His condemnation of their wonder-loving attitude. The desire to confirm an inspired hope by scientific proof is not the same thing as to lend importance to a doctrine by startling breaches of the natural law. No allusions are made in the Gospels to psychical research, any more than any allusions are made to electric or wireless telegraphy. It would be as easy to prove the one wrong as the other from Holy Writ. Man must long to know for sure whether the human race are gods or ephemerides—for that is what it comes to—and he will take every means in his power to make certain. Meanwhile he must face the fact that he will very likely never succeed, and reasons why he is kept in the dark will suggest themselves to the minds of all commonly intelligent and normally reverent persons.

A Balance Holder.

["A Balance Holder" holds the balance very fairly between those who desire to look into the abyss before the appointed hour and those who shrink with an instinctive horror from any such attempt, and he shows clearly that though complete success in investigation might prove injurious, it cannot possibly be impious. Agnosticism has dangers equal to those of a Gnosticism which may be tempted to draw the veil too thoroughly. Our own view is that a search for light, if conducted not in the spirit of superstition but of that true learning, that true science, which is always religious, is a duty, not a crime. Handling high explosives is not every man's job, but that does not make it anathema. If there is nothing in Psychical Research, it will soon abolish itself. If there is something, whether normal or super-

normal, the world will benefit. As to what it will prove we keep an entirely open mind. We have not nearly enough light at present to see whether we are in a closed cellar, or one with a window overlooking the undiscovered country—though a window now blocked with débris. Possibly we shall never clear the débris away from the window, even if there is a window, but at any rate we can try.

But it is not worth while to try merely in order to increase knowledge. If survival after death and the continuity of existence could be proved, the effect on human conduct might, nay, must, be very great. "A Balance Holder" fears it might demoralize us by too great a security. We believe it would give the maximum of incentive to good life. If men had an assurance that after death they would not be either extinguished or re-born, but would remain themselves—that is, what they had trained themselves to be or allowed themselves to become—how great would be the driving force directed towards edification, to the building of themselves up instead of degrading themselves! Crabbe, though he was no spiritualist, realized this. In his poem on old age he shows the folly and futility of moral and intellectual effort if this world is the end and if the after world has no connection with it. Then nothing is worth while. If however John Smith is to go on as John Smith, then everything is worth while. Life here is a preparation for life hereafter, and we have every incentive to good living. We can go on striving towards perfection till our last day. Our struggles cannot be unavailing. We are making sound souls for use beyond the grave:—

For all that's gained of all that's good
When time shall his weak frame
destroy

(Their use then rightly understood),
Shall man, in happier state, enjoy,

Oh! argument for truth divine,
 For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
 To know the enjoyment will be thine,
 In that renew'd, that endless life!

Who can doubt that, if man obtained
 a warrant for this belief, with his new
 knowledge must come a regenerative
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moral force? We admit that all hangs
 upon the "if." But why deny investi-
 gation, provided it is conducted in
 good faith and with sincerity? Super-
 stitious investigation is a criminal
 folly. Investigation in the right spirit
 can do no harm even if it prove fruit-
 less.—Ed.]

RUSSIA A NATION.

The great events in Russia, of which such thrilling news is published today, will not altogether surprise those who know anything both of the spirit of the Russian nation and the attitude of the late Russian Government. As we have ventured to point out more than once, this war has been to Russia an uprising, an upheaval, a revolt against a foreign yoke. For generations, nay, for centuries, since the days when the Hanseatic League monopolized the trade of Russia, German influences have controlled Russian economic and political life. This unseen hand has worked to keep the Russian in a state of slavery. Russia has been subtly prevented from making progress in education, in commerce, and in political freedom; the Russian nation has been stifled at home and slandered abroad; powerful German influences have penetrated every department of Russian life, and have always worked for the same end of German domination and exploitation. There is excellent reason to believe that Germany was behind both the secret police and the Anarchists, and that she fostered political crime in Russia in order to maintain political reaction. There is no less reason to believe that she intrigued Russia into the war with Japan, and it is certain that when Russia was engaged in that war Germany used her difficulties to extract from her

commercial advantages which reduced Russia to a state of economic vassalage. It was this persistent and brutal selfishness which wrung from a Russian statesman the remark: "Germany will always be Russia's dearest enemy," and it was this exploitation which more than anything else kindled the enthusiasm of the Russian people for the cause of the Allies. The deep and passionate spirit of that great nation, all its idealism, all its poetry, all its ancient resentment at this galling and perpetual alien yoke united in the great wave of enthusiasm which swept over Russia when war was declared.

But Germany had been preparing to maintain her tyranny not only by her military preparations but by a more insidious attack on the very heart and entrails of Russia. Everywhere her emissaries and agents were installed. They poured poison into the ear of the Emperor Nicholas himself, and strove to persuade him that the dynasty was threatened by the cause of the Allies. Their friends among the official classes used all means to reduce to impotence the Russian armies and to exasperate to revolution the Russian people. It is said that there was a secret clause in Russia's alliances providing that she could make peace upon revolution, but however that may have been, it was hoped that anarchy and revolution

in Russia would paralyze her fighting strength and would bring her to a condition in which peace would be as welcome as death to one in mortal pain. To that end, therefore, the German agents worked. They poured grit into every wheel and cog of State. They reduced communications to such a state of chaos that the great cities were almost starved, and Petrograd was reduced to five meatless days a week. They had the Prime Minister even, M. Stuermer, in their pay. Owing largely to the eloquence of M. Miliukoff in the Duma, Stuermer fell, but he was taken back into favor by the Court, and the Minister of the Interior continued to pursue his malign and sinister policy of forcing a revolution. They armed the police with machine-guns and used all means to exasperate the townspeople to revolt. They paralyzed the Army and are even suspected of betraying Roumania by stopping the Armies which were ready to advance from Bessarabia. Such was the secret and terrible power over which this national movement has at last triumphed. Such were the Allies of our pro-Germans in Russia.

The movement, which has now succeeded, is, in fact, a National and Constitutional movement, the purpose of which is to wrest the control of the Russian Government from the enemy, and to place it in the hands of the leaders of the Russian nation. Its first manifestation was the killing—for in that case killing was certainly no murder—of that evil spirit of the Russian Court, the sexualist and imposer, Rasputin. This deed, in which some of the highest nobles in the land did not scruple to disavow their complicity, seems to have frightened the Court and to have thrown it more than ever into the hands of the reactionaries. It is a tragedy that the Emperor Nicholas, patriotic and de-

vout as he is, had neither the intellectual nor the moral strength to discern his true from his secret enemies and to place himself boldly and unreservedly at the head of his people. For that reason, and for that reason alone, he has now been reduced to abdication. If he had possessed the magnanimity of the heroic ruler, if he had been inspired by the national spirit and fulfilled the national will, he might have been now not a recluse, but the most powerful and popular of Emperors. His is the saddest of all fates: he has fallen like our own James II, because, conscientious as he was, he had never the courage to throw himself upon the will of his nation and shake himself free from the fatal influences of an alien and enemy Power. The Emperor has abdicated. All the Ministers, except the Minister for Foreign Affairs, have been removed, and a new popular Government, headed by the President of the Duma, has been installed. This great change has been accomplished with little bloodshed and violence by reason of the fact that the Army is on the side of the people. The Cossacks who were called in to protect the reactionaries turned against the police, and regiment after regiment, even to the Life Guards, espoused the cause of the nation. The forces of disorder and revolution which are always a danger in such movements were soon quelled, and the Government appears to be recognized and applauded not only in Petrograd but in Moscow and in the other great cities. M. Rodzianko, on behalf of the new *régime*, has sent an inspiring message to the Army and the Navy that the change means everything that makes for victory, and as the Government is recognized by the Ambassadors of the Allies, we need entertain no doubt of its significance. It is a great triumph for the Allied cause, a great defeat and

a great disaster for Germany. There is a new force in the world which makes
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for the freedom and orderly progress of a great nation.

CHINA'S BREACH WITH GERMANY.

China has broken off relations with Germany, and it is expected that very shortly she will be at war; if it be true that she is already seizing German merchantmen in her ports, the declaration of war may come first from the other side, as it did when Portugal took a similar measure. It is almost needless to say that in this country China's breach with Germany and her complete alliance, if things come to war, will be warmly welcomed, and for pretty much the same reasons that the alliance will be welcomed by the great bulk of the Chinese themselves. The actual material help that China can give to the Allies is not likely, perhaps, to be large. A certain amount of shipping will be placed at the disposal of the Allies; the recruiting of Chinese laborers for service in Allied countries will be made easier; and certain sums of money—the Boxer indemnity payments and interest on loans—will cease to be paid to the *Deutsche-Asiatische Bank* to be used in various activities against the Allies in China. But there is a wider importance in the new relationship. It has always been the desire of most Englishmen, as of most Americans, that China should be treated as an equal and independent Power, not as an inferior to be exploited by jealous and rival nations. That is an ideal which is much more likely to be attained so soon as China takes her place as an ally among the Entente Powers, and becomes entitled to all the rights and privileges which alliance carries with it. This is also the all-important side of the question to China herself. The material ad-

vantages which she will obtain, such as the postponement of payments of the Boxer indemnities until after the war (or their possible abolition) and permission to raise her tariff on imports, are not inconsiderable to a State whose financial condition is so harassed. But it is a much greater thing for China that she is likely to enter the war alongside of the Entente Powers, including Japan, and probably also the United States.

Twice before China has considered the question of joining the Entente. There was a proposal in 1915, when England and Japan attacked Kiao-chau, that China also should declare war on Germany and send a force to take part in the siege. The plan was, of course, to give China a voice in the final disposal of Kiao-chau and the province of Shantung, after the expulsion of the Germans, and for fairly obvious reasons nothing came of it. Then again, at the end of 1915, the proposal was debated, but at that time the Japanese Government—which, it will be remembered, was pressing certain demands of its own in China—was not disposed to welcome the intervention of China. Its attitude was easily explicable, for a large part of China's purpose was then, as it is now, to secure her own peaceful self-development in the future by doing services to and so securing the friendship of the Entente Powers, especially Japan. How, then, does it come about that China has now done what she was not able to do on the two earlier occasions, and how is it that her Parliament and leading men are so

strongly in favor of a breach with Germany? We may put aside the suggestion that China's action is due to the loss of Chinese lives in the German submarine campaign. It is due rather to the action of two Powers—Japan and the United States, Japan, which under the late Premier, Count Okuma, pursued a harsh policy towards China, has apparently withdrawn her objections to China's entry into the war and is prepared to act towards her in a more conciliatory spirit. The change had already been shown in the amicable settlement of the recent dispute in Manchuria. This development, if our inference be correct, is full of promise for the future of China and the peace of the Far East. Secondly, China is following closely

The Manchester Guardian:

the action of the United States. It is the American example that has carried so much of the intelligent Chinese opinion over to the side of the Allies. The United States have for many years now been regarded by the Chinese as the faithful friend of the causes of the "open door" and the "independence" and "sovereignty" of China. If now China can pass through the remaining stages of the war, join in the Peace Conference, and face the future as the friend and ally of the Entente Powers and backed by the support of the United States, she will have a brighter prospect than she has enjoyed for many years. It is this prospect which moves her, and it is one which is welcome to us only less than to China herself.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A light, unpretentious little story, piquantly told, is George Weston's "Oh, Mary, Be Careful!" To its heroine, a spinster aunt, embittered by an early disappointment, leaves a substantial fortune, to be forfeited if she marries. From diligent reading of the library of sheepskin-bound scrap-books representing her aunt's accumulation of newspaper clippings in evidence of the Worthlessness of Man, Mary experiences a perverse rebound, and sets out on a series of experiments of her own. A Connecticut village furnishes the background for a plot which unrolls itself pleasantly. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Professor Carl Kelsey, whose work on "The Physical Basis of Society" is published by D. Appleton and Company, explains in his modest Preface that for many years he has been in the habit of beginning his courses in Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania by briefly sketching the physical

background of life, the relation of the organism to its environment, the question of heredity, and the general idea of evolution as applied to human beings and the development of social theory. The interest shown by his classes in these subjects prompted the attempt which he makes in this volume to reach a larger public with a general survey of them, and a recapitulation of the latest investigations and conclusions regarding them. It is a wide field which he essays to cover, and he brings to the discussion of these themes, which are closely related to social problems and to modern progress, a well-stored mind and an intimate knowledge of the scientific and philosophical changes of the last half century. Thirty or more illustrations and a full Index add to the value of the book.

W. H. Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) although first published more than

twenty years ago is comparatively little known to a multitude of readers who have but recently discovered the charm of Mr. Hudson's studies of Nature and outdoor life. Mr. Hudson is another John Burroughs, and he has often gone far afield in his quest of the strange and the beautiful. The present book, published in uniform style with "The Purple Land" and "A Crystal Age," tells the story of the experiences and observations of the author in Patagonia when, prevented by an accident from pursuing his original purpose of exploration, he had leisure to study bird ways, and all the aspects of life in the wild, and to write these delightful sketches and essays about them. There are twenty or more illustrations.

Jane Prince in her "Letters to a Young Housekeeper" (Houghton Mifflin Company) offers practical solutions for many of the problems which confront a young bride. Penelope Pennington can hardly be called an average bride, for her husband's income is \$2,200, and the help of one servant is assumed, but her problems are treated with admirable good sense, and with a piquancy which makes the book tempting reading. Among the topics discussed with an explicitness which will be found helpful and reassuring are "The Budget," "Weekly Cleaning," "Economy in the Household," and "Family Meals." Suggestions for a more elaborate *ménage*, including three servants, are given in chapters on "Duties of Servants," and "Behind the Scenes at a Dinner." With the abundant detail is combined a generous and wholesome statement of the principles involved in the orderly and just conduct of a household. The chapter on "Servants" could scarcely be bettered, and might well be circulated as a tract for these troublous domestic times.

Katharine Keith's striking book, "The Girl," is a character study rather than a story, though the incorrigible seeker after romance is allowed to suspect the happy ending of a skillfully concealed plot in its final sentence. Told in the first person, it gives vivid, unforgettable, often unpleasant glimpses of the life of a dreamy, high-spirited, generous, daring and needlessly unconventional girl, the cherished daughter of a family of large wealth in a western city. Her recollections of childhood—her grandfather's funeral, the coming of an aunt's baby, the drunken housemaid, the guinea-pigs and toad, her father's study with its organ, weather-beaten piano and bronze mask of Voltaire, her beloved "books with big words," the New Testament, Koran, Talmud and Blackstone's Commentaries—are followed by experiences of boarding-school days, where wild, irresponsible caprices alternate with ardent devotion to emerging ideals of service. The ideals lead to college, in spite of family prejudice, and the attempt to combine with college routine and the social life conceded to family tradition, work on "The Lantern," "a magazine for discarded truth and rejected fiction," proves almost too much for her indomitable zeal. A school-boy friend, an actor, a college classmate and an artist, play each a part in the development of a highly sensitive nature. The book shows great talent, not yet used to the best advantage. Henry Holt & Company.

In taking up "Livelihood," a book of poems by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the reader feels at once something wholesome, inspiring, exquisite, breathe out of the pages. Mr. Gibson selects for his theme the lives of the lowly, not that he may provoke a laugh, not that he may show the sorrow and suffering of the out-of-work and the

over-worked; but because he finds the farmer, the lighthouse keeper, the soldier, the fiddler in the orchestra, heaped up and running over with loveliness. He sets forth this loveliness in crisp poems, pulsing with dramatic intensity, clear-sighted to detect all the unusual heroism and patience and quietude of the bravely humble who shoulder the burdens of the world without complaint. There are pictures in the book no one can forget—the fisherman's wife who ironed caps all the afternoon when they brought her man home drowned and so calmed the fury of her pain—the drover in the storm—the Doctor in the night. The pictures are all of English people.

Ay forty year they'd shared each hope
and fear—

They two together—yet she might
not tend

With loving hands his body in the end.
The sea had taken him from her.

The Macmillan Company.

"Short Rations" is the terse and accurately-descriptive title of a book in which Madeleine Z. Doty, an American newspaper woman, pictures life as it really is today in Berlin and Hamburg and other German cities. She uses the words literally to express the food shortage, which approaches dangerously near starvation, but also broadly, to describe the pushing aside of all humane, social and spiritual causes. Miss Doty has visited Germany twice since the beginning of the war: in 1915 when she went out with the group of women led by Miss Jane Addams, to

attend the Women's Peace Conference at The Hague, and in 1916, when she went to Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and other German cities, representing a New York newspaper, to study existing conditions. Frankly and vividly, in a style so compact as to be almost epigrammatic, she describes what she saw, and reports what she heard upon both visits, touching briefly upon her observations in France and England, and giving the larger part of her book to her narrative regarding Germany. She fell more than once under suspicion, by reason of her English speech, and her unfamiliarity with German, and she had some exciting experiences, but her passport and letters of introduction gave her safe conduct and she had opportunities for an intimate knowledge of the condition and feelings of the German people. Her narrative discloses a greater restlessness and also a more extended suffering and destitution in Germany than the German authorities would be willing to admit. Possibly, her Socialist acquaintance and sympathies color her report somewhat, but there is no reason to doubt that her portrayal of things as they are in Germany is essentially accurate. We have had many books describing the horrors of the world war as seen on the battlefield and in the hospitals. There was need of a book showing the suffering and privations which it entails upon the civilian population, and this need is well met in the present volume. There are eighteen illustrations from photographs. The Century Co.